

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

DECEMBER 1938 TWENTY FIVE CENTS



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JULY, 1862 . . . A promising young pioneer merchant in San Francisco, Edward Roepke, wanted protection for his wife, Gretchen . . . obtained a \$3,000 policy in the New York Life. This Company, even in those early days, had many policyholders and agents in California.



FOUR DAYS LATER Mr. Roepke said good-bye to his young wife as he started on a trip for New York. He embarked on the ill-fated "Golden Gate," a sailing steamer which carried passengers and cargo for the Isthmus of Panama, where the shortest crossing could be made to the Atlantic Ocean.



**LOST AT SEA!**



FIRE BROKE OUT when the ship was six days out of San Francisco. Of the 347 persons on board, 219 lost their lives. One of them was Mr. Roepke. *Only ten days after he had taken the insurance*, his \$3,000 policy had become a claim! It was, of course, promptly paid in full.

**T**HOUSANDS of policyholders, in the long history of the New York Life Insurance Company, have died within a short time after taking insurance. Last year alone this Company paid over one million dollars to bene-

ficiaries of policies in force less than one year. So often the uncertainties of life . . . an automobile accident . . . a sudden fatal illness . . . overtake an active person in sound health. That is one reason why the taking of life

insurance is not a matter that can wait. Aren't you, perhaps 'putting it off,' on the chance that what has happened to others will not happen to you? Shouldn't you really do something about it *now*, before it is too late?

*SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT*

**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

*A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845*

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board*

51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*



**B**ELOW are the names of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff has, over a period of years, completed manuscript histories of each of these families. If your surname is listed, you should have your manuscript. We believe you will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction for yourself and your kinsmen.



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Arnold	Blackman	Byrne	Conway	Doty	Forster	Forster	Forster	Forster	Forster	Forster	Forster	Forster	Forster
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# Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

## Looking Forward

**W**HAT will *Christian Herald* give me in 1939?

No doubt many readers are asking this question before deciding what magazine they will invite into their homes in 1939.

Well let us start right off answering this question in your minds by stating that there will be more pages—more color—in fact we believe you are going to receive the best twelve issues *Christian Herald* has ever published.

All the familiar features you love so well will be retained. We will continue to summarize and comment on the month's news from the Christian viewpoint. Dr. Poling's editorials and questions and answers, Mrs. Morrow's page, Grace Noll Crowell's poems, the Daily Meditations, Sermons, Sunday School helps—these will all continue to appear. During the past year three new regular features were added, the Radio page, the Joke column and the Stamp column. These have proved so popular they will be continued.

Margaret Sangster's great army of friends will be delighted to know that she will write for every issue, from now on. Frank Mead's timely articles on current events religious, political and social will appear throughout the year. Charles M. Sheldon, Beatrice Plumb, Hayden Hall, William Stidger, Helen Welshimer and Janet Mabie have all promised to write more for us.

How many of you read "Till Death Us Do Part" and "Four Men Against War" by Ralph S. Meadowcroft? This brilliant young writer, discovered by

*Christian Herald*, is Pastor of a country church on Long Island. When we first met him we were amazed by his ability to project himself far beyond the problems of his own parish and apply his scholarly analytical mind to the world-wide issues facing Christian people today; but more important has been the remarkable job he has done in building up his own church.

A Christian of deep conviction, a keen student, Ralph Meadowcroft is first of all a Pastor. He has promised us to find time to write at least six articles for next year.

The well-known poet and author, Charles Hanson Towne has appeared for the first time in *Christian Herald* this year. We have a lovely short story

from him and several poems. He will contribute regularly from now on.

During the year we introduced you to Richard Maxwell. Any of you who missed his "Four-footed Loyalty" in November should go back and read it immediately. Maxwell, whose voice you can hear over the radio every day will also be a regular contributor. And of course, you noticed that Seth Parker is back. He too has promised us more stories.

Yes! 1939 is going to be a great year for *Christian Herald*.

## Courage

**W**HAT is courage? Every week during the fall we read of bravery shown by football players. Who hasn't been thrilled by the courage of Pastor Niemöller of Germany, or the daring of G-men in facing a desperado? All admirable, but the courage of the unknown, unsung heroes eclipses them all. Months ago you read in *Christian Herald* about an old lady, "Ma" Little by name, who refused to be downed in spite of great handicaps. Charity or government pensions she could have had, but she chose rather to fight for her livelihood day after day.

Then, when all her problems seemed solved, a flood wiped out all her gain. Again she rebuilt her modest business. On October 31st, "Ma" Little died, but her courage and her spirit live on as a shining example for those, much stronger than she, who cringe before life's problems. Courage before the admiring crowd is none the less courage, but in the lonely paths of life it is sublime.

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No. 12

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# The simple, speedy way to ease pain and discomfort of colds

One of the best and quickest ways to relieve the misery of a cold is this: Ease aches and soreness with genuine Bayer Aspirin—if you do not improve at once see your family doctor.

The moment you feel a cold coming on take 2 Bayer tablets. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions on the box.

If you have a sore throat with your cold, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will aid in reducing the fever and relieving pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from feeling of rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Many doctors endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of relief. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's—not for "aspirin" alone.







"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?"  
John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

## Why Can't You Write?

*It's much simpler than you think!*

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

### The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing; newspaper copy-desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical newspaper men. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

### Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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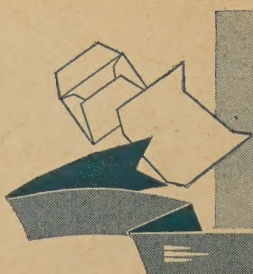
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Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, December.

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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

### ONE STAR IS ENOUGH

A man of a certain sect who quotes scripture brilliantly attacks all preachers as modernists. Also he says there were two stars at the birth of Jesus—one for the shepherds and one for the wise men. I never heard of this before. What do you think of it?

FIRST of all, it is important for us to remember that not all who quote scripture are in their own lives scriptural. The devil himself was a brilliant quoter!

As to two stars at Bethlehem, I never heard of the second. It is well for us to cling to the one that the scriptures describe, that the shepherds saw and the wise men followed.

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL POEM

Recently I sat in on an argument as to which is the most beautiful poem in the English language. Several said Gray's "Elegy." Others voted for "Crossing the Bar." What is your opinion?

OF COURSE mine would be only an opinion. I think that I would choose both and add then Kipling's "If" and James Russell Lowell's "The Present Crisis." My personal favorite among the modern poets is Edwin Markham. I think that he has written the finest of all the quatrains:

"He drew a circle that shut me out,  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;  
But Love and I had the wit to win—  
We drew a circle that took him in!"

### WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER

Can I believe in recognition after death? Are immortality and recognition essentially one? Or is the one impossible without the other? What assurance does the Christian have at this point?

WE SHALL recognize our loved ones beyond the grave—be sure of that! Every promise of life after death carries directly the implication of recognition. The survival of personality—the "you of you," not only implies recognition but makes recognition inevitable. The human soul, the individual for whom Jesus died could not rise in the glorious Resurrec-

tion of the redeemed without its own glorified personality. Personality without recognition would be as impossible as the Resurrection without Jesus Christ. "I shall know as I am known" is the conclusion of the whole matter here.

We are specifically told that "Ye sorrow not as they which have no hope." Our sorrow would be limitless without this hope of recognition. Christ was known to His disciples after the Resurrection. On the Mount of Transfiguration three disciples recognized the heavenly visitors.

I do not think that I would care to survive or live again after death if I did not have the assurance of knowing my loved ones and Jesus Christ.

### A CURE FOR STINGINESS

Can you give me a sure cure for stinginess? I am the guilty party. I believe that there are those who know the joy of giving, but I never have. I seem to have been born the proverbial Scotchman; though I have Scottish blood in my veins, I am two-thirds German and Germans are supposed to be generous.

I SAID some time ago that only those who have Scottish blood should be allowed to tell these proverbial Scottish stories. Well, I have a little of that blood, and here is the story. A gentleman became lost while on a walking tour in Scotland. As he struggled through the fog and forest, he came upon a Highlander. "I fear that I am lost," he said plaintively. "Is there a reward for ye?" was the reply. "No," was the answer. "Well then," said the native, "ye're still lost!"

But, of course, this does not help my friend. Is there a cure? The only cure I know is giving—giving until it hurts and giving in spite of the hurt—giving to worthy causes; giving to something that has won your mind and moved your soul to compassion; giving to help those who are less fortunate and to advance kindred enterprises upon the success of which the very life of a community or a church may depend. Yes, this is the cure, accompanied always by the sincere prayer that God Himself may change this heart itself.

### BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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## YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

## THE UNCHANGEABLE WORD

*Do you favor changing the Scriptures, that is, introducing translations of the Bible which include interpretations of the clergy of various denominations?*

**I** DO not favor changing the Scriptures. I do favor correct translations; this is an altogether different matter. The Nazi New Testament for example is an interpretation, not a translation. It has twisted and corrupted such immortal passages as the Sermon on the Mount to suit Nazi ideology and to eliminate any associations of Jesus with the Jewish race.

The Standard Revised Version has opened notable mines of intellectual and spiritual wealth by making clear passages which had been obscure. But any version that seeks to justify a racial claim by distorting the Scriptures is *blasphemy!*

## UNSATISFACTORY CONDITIONS

*The conditions that exist in the world today are exactly as we want them. They are the result of what we all do. How could they be different?*

**W**ELL, this is not a question, it is a speech and I disagree with the speech. There is at least one man in the world who is not satisfied with all the conditions. I know that there are many who are not. I do not believe that any of you are satisfied. Some conditions will be helped when we begin to think straight. Conditions are changed when men and women with the fear of God in their souls set out to change them.

## SHALL HEAVEN PASS AWAY?

*The last words of the song, "Jesus Never Fails" are:*

*Heaven and earth may pass away,  
But Jesus never fails.*

*If Heaven passes away, what do we have to live for or to look forward to?*

**AS USED** in the song, Heaven refers to the starry canopy above us and not to the future abode of the blessed. With poetic license, the composer has included Heaven and earth in the ultimate end of the physical universe.

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## What's wrong with this picture?

The answer is—it happens too, too infrequently.

For here you see two old people on their own, independent—entertaining their children instead of being supported by them.

"Two old people who are lucky," many will say. But if their success is luck, it is the kind of luck that anyone with fifteen years of earning power left can have.

Yes, any man, *every* man with ten or fifteen years of earning power ahead of him can put the fear of destitute old age behind him—and his earnings need not be large. Even if he earns but a modest income he can make a financial success of his life. An Investors Syndicate representative can demonstrate this to you.

Ask him to explain the *Living Protection* plan—and how, by means of it, you can accumulate \$5,000, \$10,000, \$25,000 or more. Money enough to send your boy to college, to set you up in a business of your own, to provide a financial back-log by the time you want to retire.

Let the representative show you how this plan operates, how it encourages the persistence which makes success possible. Let him show you how it is helping over a quarter of a million men and women to success *right now*.

He can tell you, too, how the *Living Protection* plan is backed by an institution nearly half a century old—with a record of never having failed to meet an obligation on time, when due.

Look up your local Investors Syndicate agency office in the phone book today, and ask a representative to call. In the meantime, write to Investors Syndicate, Dept. CH-128, Minneapolis, Minn., for a booklet you will find worth thoughtful reading—*A New Plan of Life*.

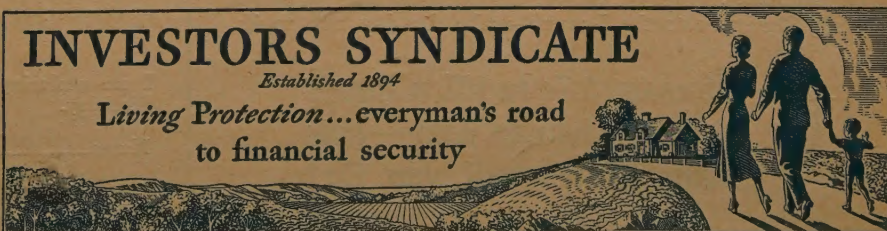
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## INVESTORS SYNDICATE

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*Living Protection...everyman's road  
to financial security*







A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM A FRIEND. THE BOWERY MISSION IS YOUR GIFT TO HOMELESS, JOBLESS MEN.



A FULL PLATE IS A BANQUET TO A HUNGRY MAN.

## "They Presented Unto Him Gifts"

**P**RESENT your gifts to the weary and heartsick. On Christ's birthday let there be peace and good will among those who are defeated by life—freedom from the worry of job-hunting and the gnawing pains of hunger. Let the old man lose himself in dreams as the Christmas tree at the Mission brings him memories of long ago; let the youth far from home, frightened and lonely, feel the protection and love of Christians—let all who come our way on Christmas Day know joy in the kindness of Christ's servants.

To you who have home and security we bring our plea to help us make the Bowery Mission the symbol of Christianity on Christ's Birthday: let it mean home and security to the homeless and lost.

Let us turn no man away from our door who says "I'm hungry" on Christmas Day—rather let us extend our hand in welcome and invite him in to share our Christmas dinner.

Let us give the man who is homeless a bed on the night Christ was born.

You can bring your gifts to the Christ Child through His servants at the Bowery Mission. We will have a Christmas tree on Christmas night and around it pile all the gifts you send us—but the number of guests we invite to our party will depend on the number of gift packages we receive.

There will be a Christmas dinner—not a banquet, but after all a full plate of beef and all the trimmings is a banquet to a hungry man. And there *will* be a full plate for every man but the number of plates will depend on your generosity.

Bring Christmas to the Bowery—make the day true to its



CHARLES ST. JOHN LEADS THE BIBLE CLASS NIGHTLY.

origin. It's not easy to bring the spirit of Christmas to the Bowery but the Bowery Mission does it every year. Its great Christmas tree sparkles and glows with the joy of the spirit it sets free; its Christmas dinner brings joy to hungry men; the singing of carols at our Christmas Tree Party soothes weary souls; but it is your gifts to the lonely, heartsick men that brings forth their thanks and blessings.

Add the Bowery Mission to your Christmas list—make up a package of useful articles such as new underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, sweaters, shoes and send it direct to the Bowery Mission at 227 Bowery, New York City. Send your cash contributions to the business office. **SEND YOUR GIFTS** early so that we may know how many men to invite to our Christmas party and how many guests we are to have at our Christmas dinner.



**It costs 27c to fill a man's plate Christmas Day—how many plates will you fill?**

Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home  
Business Office: 419 Fourth Avenue,  
New York, New York

Dec. 38a

*Let no man go hungry on Christmas Day—let no man feel homeless, friendless and lost.*

I am enclosing \$..... to help you celebrate Christ's Birthday.

Name .....

Address .....





# NEWS DIGEST

## of the month



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

### *The Strange Case of Mr. Strachey*

**L**ANGUISHING on Ellis Island until he was released on bail, was Mr. John Strachey, who says he isn't a Communist though he writes Communist propaganda. The State Department says he is a member of the central executive committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain, and therefore it canceled his visa. The State Department stands firm; Mr. Strachey fumes; the rest of us wonder what it's all about, and who's right, and who wrong.

What some of us can't understand is why the visa wasn't denied on the other side of the Atlantic, or why it was ever granted at all. That would have ended the matter before it began. As things stand now, the State Department has given the Communist party the best publicity it has had in years; more people read the newspapers than will ever read Mr. Strachey's books, or than could possibly hear him speak. The metropolitan newspaper which said editorially that "the State Department has made a literary mountain out of a lecturing molehill," put it well.

But there is another angle to this business of closing the gates of this country to men of the Strachey stripe: that is that a state has a perfect right to protect itself. Communist Russia certainly insists on that; can you imagine the Soviet welcoming an ardent champion of democracy for a

lecture tour in Lenin's Eden? Or Mussolini handing the keys of the city to the President of the American League against War and Fascism? I can't help wishing that a lot of our top-ranking soap-boxers who are so loud in their shouting against "capitalistic democracy" would take their soap boxes to Rome or Moscow and try shouting against the abuses of freedom over there; they would be shut up—or shot down—before they got to "Friends, Russians, Fellow-Communists." Let the Communist minority get control here, and it would speedily deny every other minority the right it demands for itself; we would have a murderous dictatorship in a hurry.

The scene of the moment is the scene of a death struggle between democracy and dictatorship; why democracy, which has given in steadily to the dictators, should welcome into its camp any man or men who avowedly would love to stab it in the back is more than I can understand. Once I felt that it was quite noble and broad-minded to welcome everybody in this land of the free and home of the brave, but even that tolerance has its limits. I wouldn't welcome a rattlesnake into my house just to prove that I loved animals.

There are a lot of Americans who will agree with that radio commentator who says frequently: "If you don't like waving the American flag, why don't you wave it goodbye?"

## A T H O M E

**WAGES AND HOURS:** Three-quarters of a million wage earners are working this morning for higher wages than they have enjoyed for a long, long time. Twice as many as this are working shorter hours, with no cut in pay. Fifty thousand lost their jobs while these others got shorter hours and fatter pay envelopes. It all happened when the new federal Wage-Hour law went into effect.

Now the 50,000 additional jobless may make us blink and even rave a bit—until we understand that they are mostly children under fourteen, or young people under eighteen employed in hazardous occupations. While their unemployment may mean trouble for someone for a while, in the end it will be a godsend. There never was birth without pain; the ship of progress floats on Sacrifice Sea; someone has to give way, every time.

The encouraging thing about this Wages-Hours revolution is the willingness of all parties concerned to give way. Administrator Elmer F. Andrews commends the majority of the nation's employers

for their cooperation. Great national manufacturers are urging their organizations to obey the law to the letter when in doubt. And wonder of wonders, both the American Federation of Labor and the C.I.O. are counseling their workers against "hasty action" against employers while the machinery of the law is getting under way.

*Christian Herald* isn't interested in arguing the law politically or even economically. But *Christian Herald* rejoices that no longer will anyone be compelled to work forty-four hours a week for nine dollars or less, and that children under fourteen will now be able to go to school, where they belong.

**SPYING IS EASY:** Eighteen German spies are being tried in a U. S. Court; fourteen of them are safe in Europe, so that leaves four in the dock. One of the four is Guenther Gustav Rumrich, who has a fantastic story to tell. Losing a job as dish-washer in a restaurant in New York, he read a book by a German

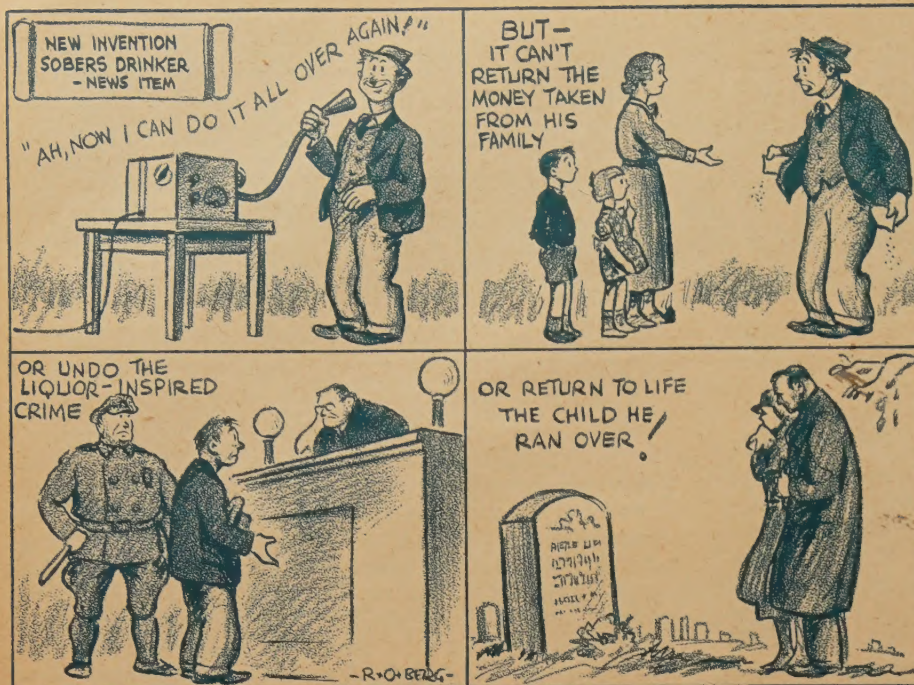
spy and decided to be a spy himself. He wrote the author, established contact with the German War Office, and was put on the payroll at \$50 a month. As easy as that!

Almost without effort he got hold of the "Z Code," used for communication between army planes and landing fields. That's about all he ever got; soon after, the G-men got him. He had a lot of fine plans, but he never had time to work them out.

So spying is easy, if not highly remunerative. So easy, it seems, that President Roosevelt announces from Hyde Park that at the next Congress he will ask for intensification and coordination in the government's drive against spies. We need that. One responsible official reports that there are not less than 3,000 foreign spies on these shores today.

**CALIFORNIA:** Twenty-two years ago a bomb fell into a Preparedness Day Parade in San Francisco; a man named Tom Mooney was arrested, tried, convicted,





### THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS IT CAN'T DO!

sent to San Quentin to become a model prisoner and a political football. Ever since, the battle over his case has been waged at the polls, and in the courts. The last court to say "No" to Mooney's plea for freedom was the United States Supreme Court.

Even that has not been accepted as final, for now Mooney's lawyers are asking the Supreme Court to reconsider the case. Judicially, the case seems at a stalemate; politically, Mooney puts his hope in the election of Senator Olson, Democratic candidate for Governor. (The election has not been held as we write.) If Olson wins, Mooney stands a chance. If Governor Merriam wins, Mooney probably will not.

Tom Mooney is a sore problem. He would be of much less value to the radical labor element if he were released. But his release would establish a precedent—and you can't release everybody! Beyond that, the burning question is that there exists evidence that Mooney is innocent, and the victim of a red hysteria in California. That evidence should be thrashed out, at all costs.

**CHICAGO:** Every Chicago mayor for the last thirty years has talked of digging a subway, but like those who are always complaining about the weather, none of them ever got around to doing anything about it. This month, the boring actually begins. The Windy City is going underground at last.

The triumph has been secured by Mayor Edward J. Kelly, who is not only a politician but an engineer. He believed in subways and in the New Deal, and he harnessed them. He secured eighteen million dollars from the P.W.A. and even let P.W.A. draw the plans for the big bore. Thus it comes about that more than seven thousand Chicagoans will be put to work on the project. All Chicago is cheering—except the West Siders, who will not be reached by the underground trains. But

since P.W.A. holds the string on the moneybag, even the West Side is taking it well.

**TRAITOR HONORED:** The name of Benedict Arnold has been a synonym for treachery ever since the mad day when he rowed out across the Hudson toward a British frigate, to sell out his country. Now, in 1938, the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed his name on a plaque at Saratoga. Why?

Well, to give him his due, Arnold deserves it. He won the battle of Saratoga for us, and for that he was snubbed and ignored by the Continental Congress. But the truth remains: if he had lost Saratoga, we would have lost the Revolutionary War. For that the Daughters honor him. Traitor he was, and no doubt of it, on the very eve of victory. But he was also one of the ablest and bravest American generals produced by the Revolution. We should remember that.

**TELEVISION:** Mr. David Sarnoff tells us that television is about to break upon us: by April 30, 1939, we shall see the crooner and the announcer as well as hear them. With certain reservations. . . .

This will be expensive business, so expensive that it will probably be a long time before the average home can enjoy it. A single half hour of television broadcasting costs about \$60,000. Some 90,000 miles of special cable will be required to connect television stations at a cost of about \$6,000 a mile; literally hundreds of new stations will be required, for one transmitter has a radius of only fifty to sixty miles.

A further hazard lies in the enthusiasm of the public's reception. No one knows how John Public will react to seeing as well as hearing television advertising; no one knows whether the advertisers themselves will be ready to foot the enormous bill involved. So April 30th may be a little early for the inaugural, in spite of

the fact that we have waited since 1925 for the great invention, and spent ten million dollars experimenting with it.

## ABROAD

**ARMAMENTS:** The world may have averted war at Munich, but the world is arming furiously, nevertheless. The United States will speed up armaments in 1939. The President has indicated that \$150,000,000 more must be added to naval appropriations; army men are shouting for aircraft and anti-aircraft building that will cost us a billion; American industry wants to spend \$2,000,000 annually to buy machines for the manufacture of war weapons and the P.W.A. last week allotted \$200,000 for a study of the nation's power resources, with a view to their ability in wartime emergency.

It is a pretty stiff bill for Munich. About the only good feeling stimulated by the proposed enlargement in expenditure comes from the employers in heavy industries, who will of course get more business and employ more men and therefore reduce the ranks of the P.W.A. and the cost of supporting men on relief. But even that is too small a silver lining to cover the whole cloud.

**CHINA:** Canton has fallen. It fell, say the patriotic Chinese, riddled with "silver bullets"—Canton was not taken, but sold to the enemy. Thus arises an old and dread enemy in China: the tendency of grafting officials to "squeeze" graft out of any situation. That word "squeeze" is the biggest word in China, as any traveler knows.

Chiang says he will fight on. He may, but with what reduced chances! His last major seaport is gone; his only chance to get arms now lies in bringing them through Russia or French Indo-China, and both sources are unreliable. China, in truth, seems doomed with the fall of Hankow; but China has laughed at doom more than once.

And the Japanese are up against a problem that may spell collapse for them. They must guard a 2300 mile front and keep a sharp eye on 270,000,000 sullen and hostile and tireless Chinese. They must spread an army out over 3,000 miles of territory, must guard rivers, railroads, canals and bridges which will be the targets of unceasing guerilla attack. They will be forced to keep a huge standing army in China for years. Can Japan do that?

Who was it who said, "Nobody ever wins a war?"

**LONDON:** His white mane flying and his eyes shooting fire, Lloyd George went after Chamberlain and the Munich pact yesterday in Parliament. His main thesis was that Czechoslovakia had been sold out—"wrapped in the Union Jack and the Tricolor"—to Germany. He thought Germany could have been crushed like an egg-shell between France, Britain and Russia.

Germany probably would have been crushed; so would millions of perfectly innocent young Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians—and possibly Americans. Even a postponement of war may have its



advantages, especially (as Mr. Lloyd George says plainly), if England was not ready for war at Munich.

When Mr. Chamberlain averted the inevitable, the whole world said "Thank God." Now the whole world is throwing bricks through his windows. But it is strange that Mr. Lloyd George should throw the first stone. The fiery, war-loving Welshman is one of the four men who, at the "Peace" of Versailles, did so much to create the very dangerous situation which prevails in today's Europe. It was the injustice of Versailles that gave us Mussolini and Hitler; must we have another world war to straighten out the 1918 errors of Orlando, Clemenceau, Wilson—and Lloyd George?

**PALESTINE:** Machine-gun snouts peer over Jerusalem's ancient wall; the feet of Christian soldiers come for the first time into the Temple Area and enter the Mosque of Omar; no road is safe, from Dan to Beersheba; the hills swarm with Arabs and there are more British troops in the Holy Land than at any time since Lawrence rode with Fiesal. It is outright war now in Palestine.

Threatened with violent death are both embattled Arabs and Zionist Jews. Particularly difficult is the plight of the Jew, for after being driven hither and yon over Europe, he now finds himself in greater danger than ever in Palestine, where he has planned to establish his National Home. Britain considers stopping Jewish immigration; the Jews of the whole world are in protest. The U. S. veers toward a "hands off" policy.

In the humble judgment of this editor, the Jew in Palestine can never win, with or without the help of England. There are too many angry Arabs (80,000,000 of them from Gibraltar to Damascus). To bring more Hebrews into that hotbed of Moslem hatreds and religious fanaticism is only to invite more murder. Persecuted Jewry is a sad sight; saddest of all is the thought that they may some day be deserted in Palestine by their protectors, and left to the mercy of the Arab.

Far better off would they be somewhere else. Where? Why not Australia, which is sparsely settled? Or South Africa? Or Ethiopia? In Rome, Lord Perth has been talking with Count Ciano on many topics—one of which, the wisecracks say, is the diverting of Jewish immigration from Haifa to Addis Ababa.

**ITALY:** The anti-Jew movement in Italy has its queer angles. Defining carefully just what sections of Jewry were to be cast into outer darkness, Il Duce says that exceptions are to be made in the cases of: children of men who fought in the World War, or in the Ethiopian and Spanish campaigns; Jews who were members of the Fascist party before 1922; and Jews whose parents were not *both* Jews. Il Duce pulled his punches there, with a vengeance, and for a very good reason. He did not want to outlaw too many very, very valuable Fascist officials. Among those he can't get along without, who have one Jewish parent, are Minister of Education Bottai, Air Minister Balbo, General Teruzzi, (Under-Secretary of Colonies), Ciano's Chief of Cab-

inet, Pietro Anfuso, and Count Volpi di Misurata, of Venice.

**TURKEY:** Blandly, Dr. Walther Funk, German Economics Minister, rose at a banquet in Ankara this week to say: "The principle desire of Germany is establishment of the closest possible cooperation among the nations—thus leading to their welfare, happiness and peace." That was diplomatic, quite unlike the wild shoutings of Kaiser Wilhelm II about "Berlin to Baghdad" and the more recent thunderings of "Drang nach Osten," "push to the East." Then Dr. Funk quietly opened a credit account of sixty million dollars—a Turkish credit with Germany for the purchase of industrial and military equipment.

It didn't just happen. Look at your map. Turkey lies at the end of Germany's push East. To have Turkey as an ally, in case of war, would be good. Hence the sixty-million-dollar bribe. It is typically Hitlerian: economic penetration first, then military occupation.



**SPAIN:** We have almost come to believe that the war in Spain will never end; that it will just go on and on and on. Yet news came this month that ten thousand Italian fighters, representing one eighth to one fourth of all the Italian troops now in Spain, had been called home. All those with more than eighteen months' service are to come home. Meanwhile, the Loyalists are following suit by planning evacuation of all its foreign hired help.

The most optimistic hailed it as the beginning of the end of poor Spain's terror; the pessimistic said it was a smoke-screen, a trick of Mussolini manufacture. The truth lies somewhere between. At least this is true: if the foreigners would get out of Spain, the Spaniards themselves could not long carry on the strife.

Mussolini's fine hand is certainly to be seen in it. Some say that he has suddenly turned thumbs-down on Franco; that he has had enough and wants to get out. Others say that this troop withdrawal is the result of an Italo-English agreement, resulting from the Munich conference. It is becoming the fashion to blame everything on the Munich agreement—as the wets blamed everything on Prohibition. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. . . .

## TEMPERANCE

**EUREKA:** Now we've got it! Inventive genius has reached its peak. Scientists, engineers, and inventors should hang their heads in shame and quietly fold their tents and sneak off to other professions. Nothing can ever be greater than this: at the coming World's Fair there will be exhibited a sobering-up machine that will take a man dead drunk and within two hours make him cold sober: no hang-over, no pink elephants, no more D.T.'s and despondency. Two hours from sottishness to sanity. It's incredible.

It is a very simple machine, which feeds into the patient a flow of carbon dioxide and air that burns up the alcohol. Says the New York *Herald-Tribune* of its great curative powers: "It will mean a better world, a clean world, where people are obsessed with good will toward each other. The face of the earth will be fair, and men and women can admire the vision of the

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At left, the Christian Herald tourists at Hearststone. Mrs. Morrow is encouraging her Great Daneto entertain the crowd. Below are Mr. and Mrs. Searle, her invaluable helpers



world of tomorrow, the trylon and the perisphere and Grover A. Whalen." Maybe so.

The world will be fairer yet when somebody invents a machine that will pay for the damage the drunk has done while he's drunk; that will keep him from making a fool of himself while he's on his binge; that will bring back to him the love of wife and children who have come to think of him only as a repulsive drunken sot; that will bring back the money he filched from the pay envelope for booze when his baby needed shoes; that will. . . . *That* will be a machine!



**DRINKING AND DRIVING:** Iowa spent over ten million dollars at its state liquor stores last year. "Driving while intoxicated" cases in Iowa have jumped 40.4% from 1935 to 1938. Can there possibly be any connection between the two items?

Connecticut is worried about drinking drivers, too. The State-wide circulation given this bulletin from the Department of Motor Vehicles deserves your attention:

"The Department believes the best restriction any operator should place on his drinking habit is not to try to establish a 'Safe Limit' but *not to start*. . . . The average person is none too safe an operator when cold sober."

**WOMEN AND BARS:** Objecting strongly to women drinking at public bars is Mrs. Walter Graeme Eliot, social leader of gay Manhattan. Says she: "No one cares to see his mother or wife imbibing cocktail after cocktail at the bar of a fashionable hotel, while at home her children are left to their own devices. Can one really treasure in the storehouse of memory recollections of when mother had finished her fourth cocktail and became the cynosure of the others at the public bar?"

Aye, there's the question. Can one?

**ABODES AND ALCOHOL:** The average drinking and smoking family, says National Voice of Los Angeles, spends up to \$40 or \$50 per month for liquor and tobacco. That means that a thrifty family could purchase a new home every ten years with the cash that now goes for cigarettes, cut plug and whiskey.

The Federal Housing Act has made it easier for the average citizen to own his own home than ever before. Yet the total of all FHA loans to date is approximately \$1,300,000,000; the total spent for alcohol is more than \$12,000,000,000 since repeal. Add to that the money both men, women and children spend annually for cigarettes, and. . . . Well, what?

Liquor robs America of nine dollars for every dollar the FHA puts into home construction. If it isn't criminal, what is?

**CALORIES:** Are you one of those diet fiends, studying calories? Then put this down in your notebook: A half-pint of four per cent beer has 110 calories. A half-pint of Bourbon whiskey contains 728 calories and costs forty-seven cents. Three cents worth of milk has 170 calories, besides essential vitamins and proteins capable of restoring the body. A half-pound, of meat has 500 calories besides other food qualities which are lacking in alcoholic beverages.

Seems like you get more for less money when you buy milk and meat. And speaking of calories, did you know that toadstools have the same heat units as beer? (Both are poisons.)

**MR. TUNNEY:** Boake Carter, in the *Washington Times*, speaks to Mr. Gene Tunney about "regulating" the liquor traffic. Says blasting Boake: "Mr. Tunney accuses the Distillers' Institute of being without social soul or social consciousness. How can any industry control the use of a product once it is in the hands of the public? Can an automobile manu-

facturer control the reckless driver? Can a radio manufacturer prevent John Jones from keeping his radio on all night? It is true that spirits, consumed with moderation, are not harmful. But can a distiller control the appetite of the public once it has bought a bottle of liquor?

"I fear that Mr. Tunney is mixing business with social welfare."

**EXAGGERATED:** Mark Twain's classic remark that reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated" holds for the W.C.T.U., that fighting society that the brewers would love to bury. The W.C.T.U. is far from dead, according to Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Anna Marden De Yo, who reports that since last November 29,525 new members have been added, 895 new organizations and 338 Local Unions, 173 new Youth's Temperance Councils, 384 Loyal Temperance Legions and a number of new Iota Sigma Unions.

Looks like there was a lot of life in the old lady yet!



Here is shown a set of the "Chimes Without Bells," the carillon which substitutes electrically-operated pipes for the usual bells

**MEDICINE:** Brainy men and women often will their brains to science after death, in the interests of research. Personally, we haven't included any clause like that in our will, for two good reasons: one is that we don't seem to have a brain that any scientist wants to look at, and the other is that nobody has offered us much for our living brain, let alone our dead one.

But now comes a chance for all of us. We all have eyes. After death, eyes do not lose their usefulness, says discoverer-doctor Ramon Castroviejo, who has developed a method of transplanting cornea tissue to the eyes of the sightless living.

There are at least ten thousand blind people in the United States who might see again after such an operation had been performed. And for their benefit, the doctor asks generous individuals to will their eyes to a hospital for transplanting after they are through with them.

That comes within range of all of us. You don't need to wait to develop a million-dollar brain to help humanity. All you need now is a good eye—and a heart. Imagine a Helen Keller who could see.

## CHURCH NEWS

**CHIMES WITHOUT BELLS:** In one Eastern city every Sunday morning the citizens are thrilled by the notes of an unique "carillon without bells." The carillon consists of twenty-one tubular chimes concealed behind a facade of organ pipes, the amplifier below, and four large loud speakers in the belfry. The effect is hardly distinguishable from the real bells, and the expense of installation is, of course, far less.

**DISCIPLES:** The Disciples' annual convention met this year in Denver; on a step of the State Capitol in Denver is a sign reading: "The top of this step is exactly one mile above sea level." But the Disciples' delegates had their feet on the ground and their heads were *not* in the clouds, though they met in the milky high city.

The convention went international with a vengeance. Resolutions passed included one expressing determination "never to sanction or lend support to war," and favoring "a policy of permanent neutrality" which would prevent the sale of munitions to all countries at all times. Another gave unanimous support to affiliation with the World Council of Churches. A resolution asking the United States to intervene in the Palestinian situation was rejected; this situation, said the convention, was a conflict between British and German-Italian interests as well as between Arabs and Jews.

The Disciples are on the right track. Either Christianity is international, or it is nothing.

**THE LEPER LADY:** December 4th will be celebrated in many a missions-conscious American church as the birthday of valiant Mary Reed, the human saint who went out to India to minister to the lepers, caught leprosy herself, found a miraculous healing and restoration to health and labors today, a lone lady among lepers, in the hills of India. Mary Reed doesn't want to come back to the States; India is her home and the lepers her own people and she will work with them until the day she dies.

She's international, too!

**LUTHERANS:** The 550 delegates to the eleventh biennial convention of the United Lutheran Church in America discussed for days ways-and means of merging with two other leading Lutheran bodies, and seemed to get nowhere. At least the secular press gave us all that impression. That impression is wrong. Cub reporters seldom see behind the scenes.

The convention turned "thumbs down" on the proposal that bishops be elected; it termed the episcopacy undemocratic; it approved the right of women to serve as convention delegates, board representatives, etc. On the matter of joining hands with the American Lutheran Church and the Missouri Synod, it failed to join any hands but it left the door open for further discussion. That in itself is progress. The main difference between the American Lutherans and the United Lutherans lies in the question of the inspiration and



infallibility of the Bible; the "Americans" hold that the Bible is "one organic whole without contradiction or error," and the United Church calls it "a complete, perfect, unbreakable whole of which Jesus Christ is the center." That may seem to some like a distinction without a difference, but it is an all-important distinction to those concerned. Religious convictions are deep-seated; that's why we all go slow in changing them, or even in rephrasing them.

Missouri Synod holds that the Scriptures are infallible truth even "in those parts which treat of historical, geographical or other secular matters;" the United Church could not accept that, so the split continues. Yet even here, discussions will be carried on in spite of the present disagreement. Everything points to a fine Christian spirit in these debates, and that points to inevitable concord. Where there's a will there's a way, and where there is a will to union among Lutherans never known before.

**ATTENDANCE:** We hear a lot of moaning, these days, about empty pews; we hear a lot of arguing as to whether or not the moaning is justified. Now we have some hard, cold facts to judge by. The Congregational-Christian Church furnishes the attendance records for the principal Sunday service from 1930 to 1937, inclusive, for 532 of their churches. The sad tale runneth thus:

Year	Average Attendance
1930	130.3
1931	135.43
1932	131.71
1933	129.49
1934	127.96
1935	126.88
1936	121.85
1937	124.59

It is sad, but it is true.

**METHODISTS:** The reorganization machinery of the reunited Methodist Church is running smoothly; it is well lubricated with the oil of cooperation and willingness on the part of all three parties to "give a bit for the sake of the whole." From the South comes word that "there will be fewer and stronger (Methodist) colleges, strategically located." This may be a death warrant to many small colleges that are unaccredited and without endowment, but it will be a healthy death in the end.

And another report has it that the publishing interests of American Methodism will continue as separate units until the unifying Conference is held in Kansas City in April of next year. Then all three will become one.

Pastors of the Methodist communion read a rather startling communication from their pulpits on Armistice Sunday. It came from their Commission on World Peace; it opposed collective security and the economic boycott, asked that the sale of arms and munitions abroad be made illegal, called for stabilization of international exchange and the improving of conditions of labor.

This is part of an extensive program to enroll one hundred thousand members of the Church in a peace fellowship movement.

Bishop Heery of Nigeria steps forward with a warning that the Christianization of millions of Africans will be severely hampered if Germany regains her pre-war colonies. In view of what has just happened to Cardinal Innitzer, he is probably quite right.

**PRESBYTERIANS:** From November 1 to April 1, 1939, U. S. Presbyterians will be driving hard to raise their Sesquicentennial Fund for Christian Education. That's a long name; what it really represents is the Presbyterian attack on the "isms of Europe which are being thrown

## PREACHERS' PELLETS

There is no way to peace and a better world than by a large-scale change of mind.—The Dean of St. Paul's, (London)

American Protestantism will be united into one American Church within twenty-five years, and in that time more than sixty per cent of the twenty million Protestants in this country will incorporate and merge their separate denominations into that unity.—Dr. Edgar De Witt Jones.

It is the test of our sincerity whether we are ready to do the little things that are in our power—the things that have not about them a great thrill and glamour, the things that are rather dull.—Archbishop Temple.

Some tell us that Democracy is sure to win because it is the best system of social organization. Suppose those who are attacking Democracy don't know that? Some of them surely don't know it. But they do know how to use guns.—Bishop McConnell.

The manners and morals of America are suffering a recession that nothing short of a Puritan revival can save us from.—Earle V. Pierce.

We make a great mistake in the Protestant group if we think, because we are in the majority, we can maintain ourselves as a majority by voting for Protestants only. We make a great mistake if, as Catholics or Jews, we think we can get more rights by putting our men in office.—Ivan Lee Holt.

I wonder if we don't lay a little too much stress on security. Nature never promised man anything.—Norman Vincent Peale.

at the American college student." The campaign will be continued through 1940. May their coffers run over!

The New York State Presbyterian Synod ran up a new banner last week when it established a minimum salary of \$1500 for ministers of smaller Presbyterian Churches. Churches paying their pastors more than \$1500 a year will bear the burden, paying three per cent of the amount of the preacher's salary in excess of the minimum.

This minimum salary movement is be-

coming nation-wide, and we give it our hearty support. We never knew a preacher yet who could preach a good sermon on an empty stomach, or who enjoyed having his salary paid in apples and potatoes.

**MORMONS:** The Mormon Church is setting up a Deseret Industries as a feature of the Church Welfare Program. It will be a cooperative, manufacturing and industrial enterprise in which the church's members will be given work renovating cast-off material (clothing, shoes, furniture, etc.).

**MISSIONS:** Every missions board in the United States is worried; now as never before is the whole program of foreign missions under fire and in grave danger; especially is this true in the Far East.

Dr. Ralph Diffendorfer told the Rock River Conference recently that Methodist missionaries were being arrested in Japan, and that property was being confiscated; a real emergency exists in Korea, he said, for all denominations. The Baptists have been alarmed for some months at the wholesale loss of Baptist mission property; promises by Japan to return such property have not yet been kept. And sixty Baptist Churches are reported closed by authorities in Roumania.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**HANDS ACROSS THE SEA:** One of the pleasantest incidents in the experience of the party who toured England and Scotland this summer under the auspices of Christian Herald, was the party's visit to Hearthstone, Mrs. Morrow's home in Devon. Plans for an outdoor lunch had to be changed because of rain—but the lunch was enjoyed, just the same. The charming old house, the hedge, the much-discussed Southdown Lane, the Searles, and by no means least, the dogs, were all in evidence, and much snap-shotted. (See page nine.)

**HOOKEY IS OUT:** Your editor used to play hookey; in fact, he got to be pretty good at it. His son doesn't. Few sons do, any more. Hookey is old-fashioned. It would have been old-fashioned in ye editor's day if he had had more intelligent teachers and supervisors.

There is something heartening about the intelligence of the teachers and the truant officers of Essex County New Jersey. Hookey in their schools is such a negligible factor that they disregard it entirely. Their method of outwitting truancy is described by a supervisor:

"Several years ago we had a boy who persistently played hookey. A generation ago this lad would have been forced to return to his books. But we don't use that method now. We went behind the scenes to find out what caused the boy to dislike school. We found his home environment poor. He was not encouraged to seek an education. We also discovered that he had a natural bent for art. So we entered him in an industrial school where there were several art classes. His home conditions were bettered. He never played truant after that."

That's more like it.





# Christmas

## 1938

Still the old tale endures,  
 Still the Star shines above,  
 Only Truth lasts so long—  
 Truth, Faith, and Love.

See how the Magi come  
 To His low crib and stall,  
 Watch how His Mother's eyes  
 Smile at them all.

Darkness is in the world—  
 Night that is made by men,  
 Yet through the clouds of fear  
 Truth bursts again.

Dread not the hurricane,  
 Fear not the war-lords' might,  
 Over the earth there shines  
 Steadfast, His light.

By  
 Charles Hanson Towne



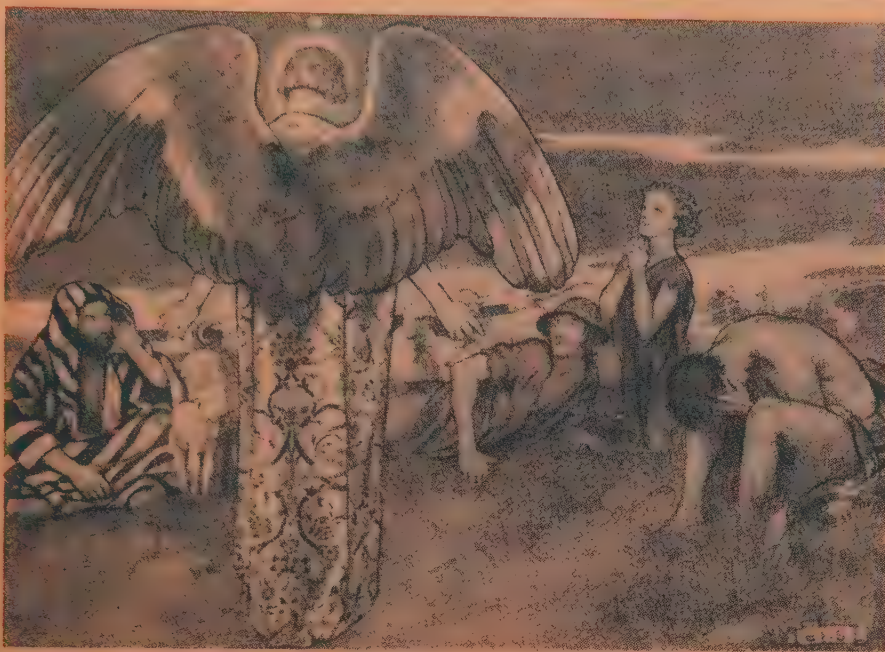
December

1938



## CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



COURTESY RUDOLPH LESCH N. Y.

## WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

*From the painting by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale*

# A Star in the East

By

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

**WHAT** if the Christmas story had never been told? Try for a moment to erase from human history, from art, from our own childhood memories and our own adult associations, all references to Christmas. For a moment look steadfastly at life on this planet with Christmas altogether blotted out from the past, the present, and the future. Our first reaction to this effort at obliteration is a curious chilliness, a sense of dull fog; rising clouds seem to climb the blue night sky and gradually dim and then destroy a mounting star. At the thought of no Christmas ever, anywhere, we shiver a little and then brace ourselves to meet once more a blackening world. Gaze into the past two thousand years as if they formed a looming chasm, in which century beyond century towers dark. Examine that ebon space of time slowly, patiently, and perceive it illumined every year by a tiny prick of light, a glinting spark there in the East, called Christmas. But what if Christmas had never been?

Or look not into the inky past, but out into the world around us. War planes droning from every sky, bombs blasting happy streets, everywhere armament piling, piling, on every border guns of men snarling to murder their brothers—what of Christmas to-day for you and me? Has the Nativity story faded into folklore, into fairy tale? Or is the Christmas

concept swung like a star before the climbing imagination of man, a light which, once planted in the black sky, has become forever inescapable? Still every year, we pause a day's length in our blind plunging, to gaze Eastward, there to see, against the silent midnight heaven, pictures that invariably recur, and to hear out of mysterious stillness music that yearly rings out unconquerable above all cannon. Christmas—is it something become as obsolete as the fleeting forest doves, or is it an imperishable dream that a blundering humanity, still lurching up-right from the beast, shall one day make true?

Christmas is worth our examining; yet not Christmas as defined in the dictionary, but rather the actual living Christmas, as it exists with all its manifold associations in human brains and hearts to-day. There are two accounts of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and only two. From these two accounts come the Christmas pictures indelibly painted upon our imaginations. To one of these records



we owe the fact that every one of us can instantly call to mind a blue-black Oriental night, cupping with mystery all earth's stretching miles. Breathless with impending fate, we gaze into the dark East, waiting. Once more it happens—the horizon pulses with a faint white which slowly spreads and brightens. Above those far-off watchful hills there appears the glint as of a taper pressing upward from the enveloping dark beyond. Then slowly, as we watch, there rises once again the inexorable star. Strange beyond all strangeness, the mounting radiance climbs the heaven.

**F**AR, far off now upon that landscape illimitably dark, figures form against the eastward skyline. Three camels loom, three swaying palanquins, in each a cloaked and kingly figure seated. The eyes of the three gaze forward, never swerving from the certain aim of their journey. The padded feet of the camels with rhythmic certitude bear onward to the west. The folds of the regal cloaks ripple down into shadow, gold gleams on the hooded foreheads, and hands strong and motionless hold jeweled gifts. We cannot count the years in which Christendom has witnessed that recurrent journey. We cannot recall when first as children we watched the kings of the East ride westward to Jerusalem through the night.

We remember that they are more than kings, these men of mystery who, at the command of a star, journey from their distant palaces to do homage. They are also astrologers whose office is to discover and foretell destiny. Within their splendid homes they have traveled as far as human brains can carry them into the curious conduct of the earth-bound soul. All the secrets of the intellect they have penetrated, only to cast from them all their proud attainment, and kneel in worship before a baby prince just born.

It is an ancient story; every one of us remembers it at Christmas time. Each of us, long educated to Christmas, witnesses every year the arrival of the Magi in Jerusalem, startling those humdrum streets with their most curious demand, 'Where is He?' At last the buzzing crowds bring the report to that sovereign of earth, rotting old Herod in his palace. In the presence of these majestic strangers his fears flare higher. The craft of terror speaks in his voice, hoarse with remembered murders: 'When you have discovered the newborn king, bring me word that I, too, may seek him to give him worship.' We behold the serene obeisance as the monarchs from afar leave the council chamber, having now obtained their clue, Bethlehem of Judea. The spell-bound fancy of our childhood once again watches a renewed journey out of the proud city into the night. Again we wait for the star to mount and guide them. It stands at last, white and mysterious, above a door that opens, while the Wise Men enter to offer their gifts, kneeling, to the tiny newborn king of the Jews.

**W**E SHOULD like to forget the shudder that as children we experienced at the sequel—the babies of Bethlehem massacred to feed a monarch's fear. It was the fashion then for a dictator merely to murder. Holy Innocents we rightly call them, for no Bethlehem two-year-old,

nor yet that haloed baby within the door, ever had his life snuffed out by poison gas! And all to save the might of might, lest peace come to the earth!

It is the biographer named Matthew who has given our imaginations this journey of three kings from the mysterious East. The other of the two Nativity narratives, Luke's, rests on a totally different conception of the coming of a God-man. We need to keep in mind that it is a birth story with a twofold approach which has come to signify to us what we term 'Christmas.' In Matthew there is no manger; in Luke there are no Magi. It is necessary to reread Luke's first chapters most carefully in order to ascertain precisely what these have contributed to the stored riches of our lifelong association with the word 'Christmas.'

Matthew's purpose is to prove that the crucified felon, Jesus of Nazareth, was in reality the Jewish Messiah immemorally expected. Throughout Matthew ancient prophecy, authenticated, rings from every page like a chime. In harmony with this constant objective, that of establishing Jesus as the promised Messiah, the Gospel of Matthew describes the visit of the proudest monarchs of earth to the birth chamber of a Hebrew king. Majestic as is this incident, and pregnant with prophecy mysteriously fulfilled, the infant Jesus revealed in Matthew remains a tribal God. Luke's biography, on the other hand, is the first great Christian apologia presented to a pagan world. Written by a Greek to a Roman about a Jew, it has revealed for nineteen centuries the universality of the Christian faith.

**N**OT utterly can you and I, modern men and women, kneel beside proud alien kings to gaze at divinity made mortal. To-day we require no Magi to impress us, for we can bow our spirits only in the stable dung before a human baby, so beautiful that he shines star-bright as he lies there. Neither then nor now has there ever been time in humanity's hurrying inns to contemplate the manner of God's coming to earth. Taught from year to year, from century to century, by Luke's Christmas story, to-day we are learning to behold in every baby a miracle from God.

While through Matthew we have come to possess the star, the Magi, and the massacre, everything else that Scripture has contributed to our Christmas concept we have obtained from Luke. Let us study, then, what Paul's 'beloved physician' has given to the world in the most beautiful story of birth ever written. Wherever he discovered them, it is Luke who set down the first Christmas carols. The memories that Luke has bequeathed to us are as melodious with music as they are bright with picture. While Matthew tabulates prophecy line by line, Luke paints men and women whose whole lives pulse with expectation.

A doubter expresses faith restored: 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.'

Innumerable churches echo Luke's Christmas chant of an old man who had waited in unconquerable hope until he held a little village baby in his arms: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

What would have been lost to human liturgy if Luke had never set to words the triumph of all motherhood throughout all time: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord!'

Spreading from Christmas time to overflow all adoration throughout the year peals forever, through Christian worship, Luke's 'Hail Mary.'

Who of us, of whatever faith, or no faith, is not startled to awe together with Judean shepherds gazing at the night sky riven by tiers of angelic choirs caroling at Christmas: 'Glory to God, the unfathomable, and glad news to all men who hold God's own kindness in their hearts. Unto you is born this night in near-by Bethlehem, on the trodden mud of a stable, the Deliverer of the world.'

**T**HE Christmas story, thus hurriedly I have tried to summarize it—camels shouldering the night, eyes mysteriously wise beneath the dusky, gleaming crowns, all made bright by the star beam that cleaves the eastward darkness; nearer by, shepherds that lift their marveling gaze to the familiar heaven suddenly rent with glory and spilling angelic song. The march of the shepherds and the journey of the Wise Men are actually, as we know, two far-sundered stories, but human imagination has made forever one the approach of the Magi and the herdsmen to a little swaddled baby lying glorious in a manger. Every crèche in every household represents the kings and the shepherds bowed side by side in adoration, just as it shows familiar ox and ass and sheep pressing upon the feet of the camels from out the East.

But there is more than all this included in the Christmas story as Luke tells it. There is a preceding Visitant, at whose news a girl, white and astounded, cries, 'But how shall these things be?' Then, so we are told, a Power from Beyond possessed her and she conceived the Holy Child. For the towering Herald had pronounced the keynote of a strange new faith about to be born to a heavy world: 'With God all things are possible.'

Thus a Greek doctor presents the birth story of the man he gave half a lifetime to portraying. But what if Luke's story had never been told? Then would there never have been a Christian creed? It takes martyrs to found any faith. Would the manger have driven any man or woman to the arena or the gibbet or the blazing fagots? Would Christmas drive you or me to lay down life for love of the Christ-baby? Neither long ago nor now has Christmas made martyrs. Yet it is already conceivable that, as year by year we become sensitized to the beauty of the Christmas hope, men and women may be found ready to give their lives to establish upon earth the beauty of a Child.

**T**HAT the new religion was not dependent on Christmas for its acceptance is readily proved. For more than fifty years it had run its flaming hidden way along the Mediterranean coast before Christianity records a Christmas. It was not a baby in a manger but a man upon a cross who planted a mustard seed. It was not a miraculous coming to earth but a miraculous return to it that drove the first missionaries to their doom still shouting hope. Out of many there re-





Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

## THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI—FROM THE PAINTING BY QUENTIN MASSYS

main to-day only four little pamphlet biographies that describe the impact upon his own time of the most mysterious man in human history. Of these four only two tell anything of their hero's birth. Of the other two, Mark, which is the earliest account and nearest to the events of the chronicles, says nothing of a baby, but instantly presents a man who blazes a meteor track across his day, and then rushes madly to his death. The other, John, latest and most appraising of the four, also makes no mention of a childhood, but again only describes a man, one who went to his cross to establish for humanity a new principle of growth—forgiveness of our enemies. There is in Mark and in John no hint of Christmas.

So far I have been looking into the past to find what our idealism has formulated and forever possesses in regard to Christmas. But there is another aspect to be considered, and there is a query to be frankly faced. The ancient church, I have said, needed no Christmas; but

someone might ask, 'Does not the modern church need it? Are not certain doctrines inherently dependent on the Christmas narratives of Matthew and of Luke?' There is, for example, a mystery pitifully wrangled over, called the Incarnation. Someone might even go so far as to inquire, 'Pray what do you, a modern woman who dares to call herself Christian, what do you yourself really think about Christmas? Be honest with us others who can but smile gently at miracle stories and wonders. Tell us, you who otherwise speak our language and read our books and laugh our laughter, how does this Christmas tale actually affect you in your struggle to pattern a twentieth-century life on a first-century Example?'

The Christmas creed of one present-day Christian—shall I try to formulate it? I have no authority, of course, to speak for more than one person. I find it hard to go back to my far-off child dreams when I waited to hear the herald angels sing. Do I still hear them to-day?

No—and yes. Once, caught up in wonder, I watched the march of three camels through the night, carrying three kings to worship a swaddled baby. Do I still marvel at their wisdom? Do I still lift awed eyes to the white radiance above them? No—and yes.

One Christian's creed of Christmas, that is what I am trying to set down here and now. I cannot restrain a rueful smile, nor conquer a wistful helplessness at the effort, for who will listen? Why should I struggle to ascertain from within myself what I actually think about Christmas if Christmas is only a legend, or at best merely a fable or a gracious fairy tale? If Christianity itself, as so many affirm, has become only a curious and half-forgotten creed, it seems fatuous to try to explain the relation of Christmas to that creed. The faith of the Galilean, the faith in the Galilean, it has become a star that is set—perhaps.

As I look forth, our earth of to-day appears singularly like that of the first Christmas Eve. The world of that night was black, outworn, hopeless. It stretched between its seas, bleak waste or unawakened jungle; or, beneath one famous futile civilization piled upon another, it lay dying. Where life still pulsed about the rim of the Mediterranean, that life was diseased with mounting despair. One gazes back into increasing dusk; then against that darkness a tiny light, incredibly tiny, in the East. Near that light Herod still ruled, a ruthless tyrant, over timorous millions.

After nineteen hundred years, is the stretching expanse of this planet so different to-day, with its guns and its gases and its gun-crazed human hearts? Suppose long ago some shepherd who had just witnessed bright hosts of angels, and a little newborn child, should have run the brief miles to Herod's Jerusalem, shouting his news. What would have happened to him or to his tidings in those old incredulous streets? Not even the Wise Men in all their majesty of mind dared return to face Herod, who could murder. And what fantastic glee or far worse fate would meet anyone who in any capital of the world to-day dared announce that Christmas dream recurrent through all the heaped black centuries, the dream that one day the child-spirit shall rule a world of men subdued by the kindness within their own hearts?

Already this much of promise has occurred—down through all the years there has been a little band that has seen and believed a star. In a heavily agnostic world, in a world that kills and kills, and even teaches killing to its little children, this tiny band preserves its confidence that the lamp of (Continued on page 50)



# The Creation of TELLING TOMMY

The story of a farm boy who dreamed of becoming an artist—and after many disappointments and difficulties, succeeded; how he received the inspiration for his world-famous cartoons, how he works and studies, above all how, in these days of so much that is harmful in pictures, he has achieved world-wide recognition by drawing cartoons that are always clean and wholesome—all this makes an inspiring story

By Ernest A. Lancaster



WILLIAM PAUL PIM

**T**HIS is the story of an artist who went to church and found success. It is not a tale of a weary artist, who wandered into a cathedral to seek refuge from the biting winds of winter, and while resting there under the magnificence of the spiritual and architectural grandeur of the edifice received the inspiration for a great canvas. Instead, it is a true narrative about a very practical cartoonist and commercial artist who, not many years ago, accepted an invitation to teach a Sunday School class, and while in this class he discovered an idea and the inspiration necessary to make it a success.

Today, this man, William Paul Pim, creator of the educational daily newspaper comic strip, "Telling Tommy," is successfully engaged in a profession to which he had dedicated his life, all because of an experience that he had when he taught that Sunday School class, more than a decade ago. He is seriously doing the practical job of drawing a daily educational comic strip for the wholesome entertainment and practical enlightenment of millions of boys and girls—and adults as well—throughout the world. He hopes that, through his artistic efforts, he may eventually be able to plant in the

minds and hearts of millions of young readers the foundation for an enduring temple of character that will make for world brotherhood, peace and happiness.

Born about a half century ago, on a farm near a little town in Western Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, Paul Pim learned to do about every kind of farm work that a boy might be called upon to perform. After he left school he roamed about the country a good deal, working at odd jobs when he could get them, but hoping always to become an artist. He went to California to hunt gold; returning East he went to an art school, and worked for a time with a lithographing company in Cleveland; resigned and went West again; worked on an irrigation ditch in Arizona, on sugar beet farms in California, and various other temporary jobs, at length finding himself back East again. Finally, after all of his wandering, he decided to settle down to a career in commercial art, hoping to capitalize upon his varied experiences. The prosaic job of making drawings of shoes, hats, stoves, furniture, automobiles, and various kinds of gadgets failed to satisfy his innate desire to have his pictures tell a story, or express an idea, so he soon gave up commercial art for newspaper cartooning.

In his wanderings he had lived for a time in the South, and he liked it. He felt that the South had opportunities to offer the ambitious young man who should cast his lot with these people, so he sat back and waited patiently for an opening in this field. One day, back in 1915, a Birmingham, Alabama, daily newspaper found that it needed a cartoonist and manager for the art department and Paul Pim, away up in the frozen North, heard the call that he had been waiting for and reported promptly for the job.

While he was taking charge of the art department, a charming young woman of the South, who was also on the staff of this newspaper, was taking charge of his heart. So, in 1917, Paul Pim was married to Miss Lenna Hales, who gave up a newspaper career to become the helpmate and inspiration of the cartoonist who persisted in dreaming dreams.

Later, another daily newspaper in Birmingham offered him what he considered greater opportunities for doing serious



cartoons, so he became a member of the staff of that paper and worked for it a number of years. When this paper was bought out and merged with another daily in the same city, he gave up newspaper work and opened an advertising and commercial art studio in the downtown district.


During the years that have passed I have watched with friendly interest his work as a comic strip artist; but it was only recently that I learned the interesting story of how he came to create this strip that has become such a successful newspaper feature. We were discussing some newspaper comics that I insisted were positively detrimental to the moral development of the boys and girls who might, unfortunately, read them regularly. I told him that if all of the popular newspaper comics were as clean and wholesome as "Telling Tommy" we might well encourage our children to read them.

At this point my curiosity overcame




TOMMY


By PAUL PIM



APRICOTS  
-18-



MOSES AND THE BURNING BUSH  
-18-



LILIES OF THE FIELD  
-18-

THE REASON THAT MANY FRUITS AND FLOWERS HAVE BEEN SO MISNAMED IN THE BIBLE IS THAT AT THE TIME OF THE KING JAMES VERSION THE ENGLISH TRANSLATORS HAD LITTLE IDEA OF THE PLANT LIFE OF THE HOLY LAND.

ONLY RECENTLY HAVE STUDENTS DISCOVERED THAT EVE'S APPLE WAS AN APRICOT. THE "BURNING BUSH" OF MOSES WAS THE SHITTAH TREE FOR WHICH THE PLAINS OF SHITTEM WERE NAMED. IT WAS AN ACACIA. THE "LILY" OF THE BIBLE WAS THE FLOWER WHICH WE KNOW AS THE "GARDEN" OR ST. BRIGID ANEMONE.


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DO YOU KNOW ANY PLANTS THAT ARE MISNAMED TODAY, TOMMY?

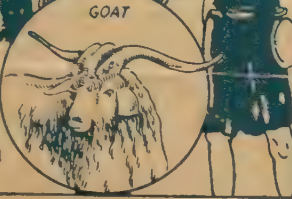
WELL, I THINK ONIONS SHOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED FORGET-ME-NOTS.




7-19 -PIM-




NO ANIMAL IS MENTIONED OFTENER IN THE BIBLE THAN THE SHEEP.




GOAT





GAZELLE  
-19-




ADDAX  
-19-

IN BIBLE LANDS THE SHEEP WAS, AND STILL IS, ONE OF THE CHIEF MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE, FURNISHING BOTH FOOD AND CLOTHING. THE GOAT WAS NEXT IN IMPORTANCE.


AMONG THE OTHER ANIMALS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE ARE CATTLE, THE MONKEY, LION, BAT, LEOPARD, CAT, DOG, WOLF, JACKAL, BEAR, MOUSE, MOLE, HARE, CAMEL, SWINE, HORSE, ASS, GAZELLE, ADDAX, DEER, CHAMOIS, HEDGEHOG, MEASEL, COMEY, REEM AND BEHEMOTH.

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HUH! I COULD HAVE TOLD TOMMY ABOUT THE ANIMALS IN THE BIBLE - THEY WERE ALL MENTIONED 'CAUSE NOAH TOOK ALL OF 'EM IN THE ARK.




-PIM-



VULTURES  
-20-



THE HOOPOE  
-20-



THE GREAT OWL  
-20-

THE BIBLE TELLS US ABOUT MANY BIRDS. THE SPECIES MENTIONED ARE: OSPREY, OSSIFRAGE, OSTRICH, PARTRIDGE, PEACOCK, PIGEON, PELICAN, QUAIL, RAVEN, SPARROW, STORK, SWAM, SWALLOW, SHIFI, TURTLEDOVE, AND VULTURE.

ALSO, THE BITTERN, COCK, CORMORANT, CRANE, CROW, CUCKOO, DOVE, EAGLE, GIER, FOHL, GLEDE, HAWK, NIGHT HAWK, HERON, HOOPOE, IKITH, LAPWING, OWL, GREAT OWL, LITTLE OWL, SCREECH OWL, AND OWL OF THE DESERT.

1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

DADDY SAYS CUCKOOS ARE MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE, BETTY.

WHERE DID THEY LIVE? THEY DIDN'T HAVE CLOCKS IN BIBLE TIMES.



-PIM-

me, and I asked him point blank, "How did you come to create this interesting strip? With a twinkle in his eye, he laid down the half-finished drawing that he was working on, pushed back his chair, and this is the story that he told me:

"In 1924 the Southeastern Advertising Clubs met in convention in Birmingham, Alabama. On Sunday, before the convention, several prominent members of the advertising profession who were also churchmen were invited to speak from the pulpits of a number of the downtown churches as well as before many of the larger Sunday School classes of the city. For some reason that was not clear to me, I was invited to teach the Men's Bible Class of the Ensley Highlands Methodist Church. I do not recall now what the subject of the lesson was that morning, but I do remember that it fit in quite well with a talk on advertising. So, taking for my subject the Christian religion, I spoke at length on how well it had been ad-

vertised, how great had been the success of its influence upon the races of men, and finally, how all of the advertising schemes that man might have devised would have failed completely to spread the Gospel of Christ had it not been a genuine product.

"I thought I had made a good talk, and when a large group of men began to crowd around me at the conclusion of the class period, I naturally supposed that they had appreciated my talk and wanted to congratulate me. But I was mistaken; I was a cartoonist—and they wanted to tell me a thing or two, and believe me, they did. They objected, in no uncertain terms, to the bad manners and slang that they declared were all too common in the newspaper comics, and they severely denounced the sarcastic jibes against the home, marriage, schools, law, and many other things that they held to be sacred and above the trivial jests of the newspaper artist. Some of these men declared

that they would not permit their children to read the 'funny paper' because of the harmful effect that they feared the comics would have upon them.

"Some one suggested that if a cartoonist should bring out a worth-while educational comic strip, it would be almost certain to meet with success. So I went home that day, determined to do my best to produce just that kind of strip. I went to bed that night thinking about it, but I didn't sleep much because I kept thinking about the tongue-lashing that I had received that day simply, as I saw it, because one artist had failed to live up to the high calling of his profession. I finally fell asleep, but some time before morning I awoke suddenly with the germ of the idea for 'Telling Tommy' in my mind and there was no more sleep for me that night.

"I let the boys run the studio for me, and for almost a week I remained at home feverishly (Continued on page 48)



# WE CAN'T DO THIS MAN



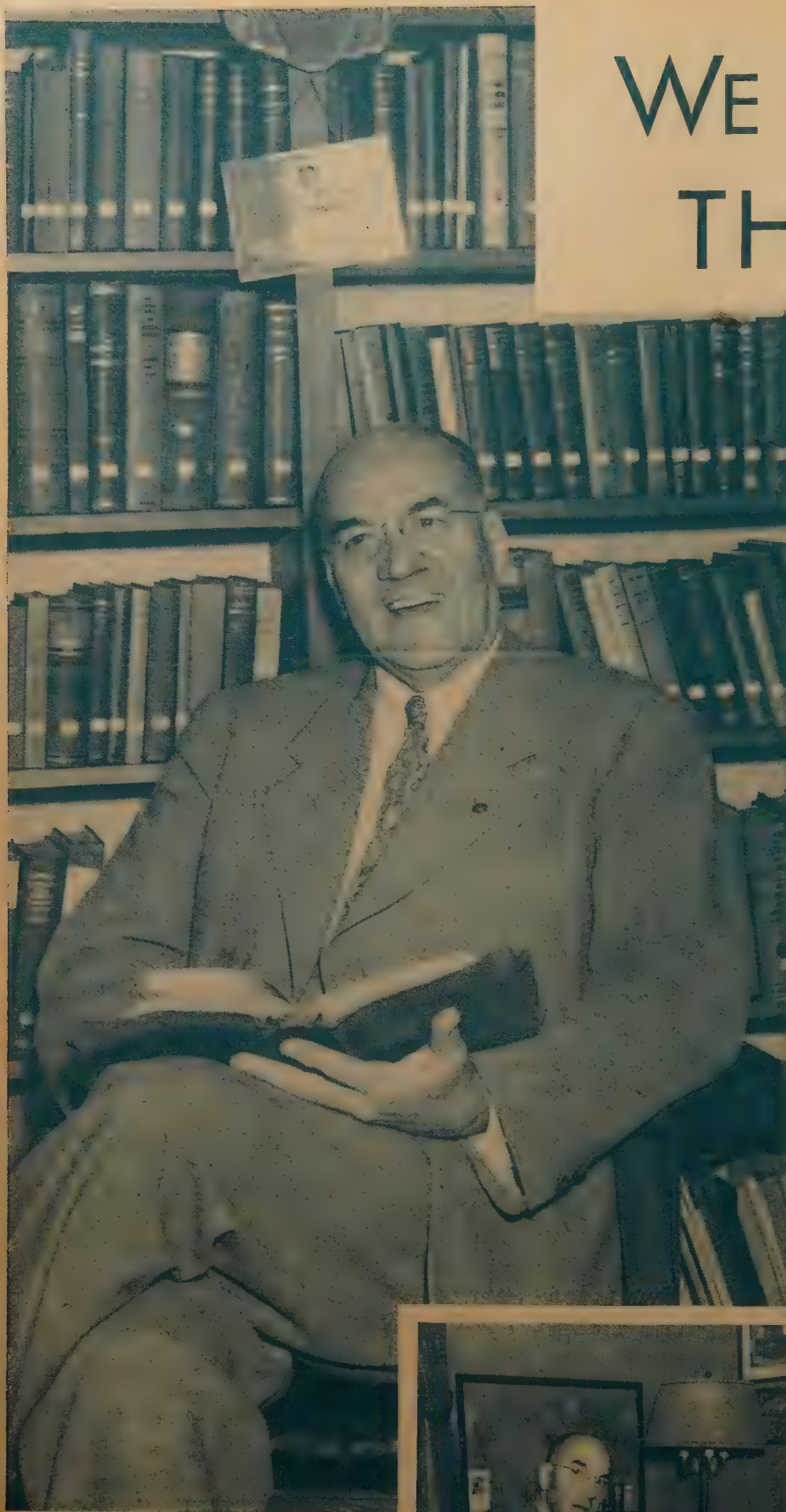
HERE is a story for Dale Carnegie's book—a success epic right in Dale's home state of Missouri.

It is about a lovable he-man preacher who tackled a job that was big and hopeless, nearly eight years ago, and rebuilt a temple of old-time religion in the hardest city in America to move with a gospel message.

What the Rev. Charles Oscar Johnson, D.D., pastor of Third Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., has accomplished, under God, in the past eighty-four months sounds a note of encouragement to every church and to every clergyman in America.

This city is being treated to a brand of leadership for which the church has long prayed—leadership that would be sincere, contrite in heart, evangelistic, and broad in its sympathies. The depression placed a premium on the new stewardship and few men have met the crisis in better spirit than Oscar Johnson.

Norris, formerly Coal Creek, in the mountains of East Tennessee, cradled this 260-pound preacher of righteousness fifty-one years ago. He was the son of a farmer named John Calvin Johnson, who was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and of a pray-



Photos by Todd, St. Louis

"God says here, in His book, 'Give not that which is holy to the dogs'"

"We will deluge the State Capitol with petitions of protest"



"Neither you nor your gang can scare me out of doing my duty in this matter"

ing mother whose maiden name was Margaret Schoenleber.

As may be inferred by his father's name, the Johnsons were Calvinists who settled in Pennsylvania early in the eighteenth century, and then followed the pioneer trail into Tennessee via North Carolina to settle in Dutch Valley. There is no Swedish blood in Oscar Johnson's veins, although his surname might indicate it.

Oscar did the hardest kind of farm work until he was nineteen, then entered





# WITHOUT

By

L. M. ALDRIDGE

Carson-Newman College, from which he graduated with the A. B. degree. While residing on the campus he fell in love with a coed named Miss Rose Lee Long and married her. They have three children. In 1920, he graduated from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, receiving the Master of Theology degree.

Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera Star, and Homer Rodeheaver, gospel singer, began their careers at Jellico, a town but twelve miles from Coal Creek. Miss Moore was soloist in the First Baptist choir at Jellico. Thus Oscar's old home neighborhood was well on the road to fame before the United States Government decided to build the Norris dam across Clinch river near the little town of Coal Creek. Johnson points with pardonable satisfaction to the fact that he was baptized in the Clinch river almost at the identical spot where the Roosevelt Administration constructed the great dam.



"Yes, I know Dan Poling. Now there's a fighter for righteousness"

St. Louis, settled first by the French, afterwards by the Germans, and the Irish, is acknowledged to be the hardest big city in America in which to do evangelistic work. It is the only city of its class in the country in which the late Billy Sunday refused to attempt one of his big tabernacle campaigns. In his declining years, he held a revival here but it was not a city-wide affair, and no tabernacle was built. Even in an earlier generation, such famous evangelists as D. L. Moody and Sam P. Jones were content to limit their efforts to single churches. In 1908, Gypsy Smith led a campaign at the Coliseum, but he failed to shake the city as he was then doing in other centers of population.

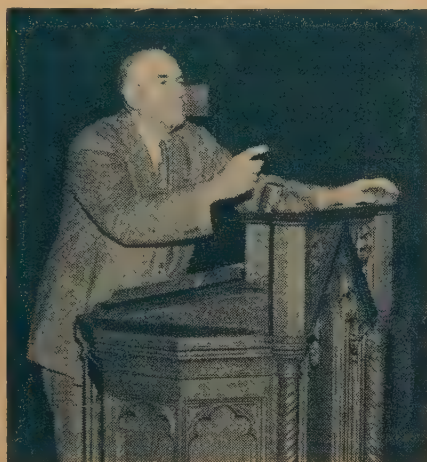
There are a number of reasons for this,

all of which make the work of Oscar Johnson the more amazing. St. Louis is, in many respects, a Catholic city. One of their editors is authority for the statement that one home in every three adheres to the Roman branch of that church. They have here a popular archbishop and a great Jesuit university. Their work is well organized, and there is a closer fellowship between Catholics and Protestants than in many other large cities. One of the first of the seminars convened in St. Louis.

Also there are the strong German Lutheran and German Evangelical churches, both of which maintain denominational headquarters, publishing houses and theological seminaries here. The Catholics own radio station WEW and the Lutherans own KFUO.

But none of them is interested in evangelism as it is practiced by Baptists, Methodists, or Presbyterians, as a matter of course. That is not to say that they are not evangelistic. They are! But they have their own way of going about it.

Another bugaboo in St. Louis is the beer industry. The city has had worldwide publicity as the home of the largest brewery on earth. Baptists, Disciples, Congregationalists, Methodists and Pres-



"Christian people, you hold in your hands the power to defeat this 'Hare-Hess-Horse-Hound' bill"

byterians, as well as other Protestant bodies, have long been the avowed enemies of the beer and liquor industry.

There was a time, before the Eighteenth Amendment, when the big brewery executives were on the same bank boards, Chamber of Commerce committees, utility boards, and others, with the leading officials of the larger churches. There was nothing wrong about that, of course, but it was somewhat embarrassing for a deacon to chastise the breweries on Sunday and then on Monday meet with their president on a downtown bank board.

Wealthy deacons sometimes do not hesitate to put the soft pedal on the pulpit and dampen the ardor of the best of crusading pastors. But when Oscar Johnson came to Third Church, he was given a free hand. The Board of Deacons gave him their pledge that they would see him through any and all kinds of battles for civic righteousness. It was about that time they started the custom of sitting on the platform with him in a body as an evidence of moral support.

It is probable that Third Church despises the liquor traffic with a hatred unknown in any other American church. There is a reason for that! In 1931, Dr. Daniel A. Poling was leading the Flying Squadron in an effort to keep the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution. The larger St. Louis meetings were held in Third Church and Johnson rallied to the cause immediately. Here is how he views the situation today:

"Conditions under which we live now are infinitely worse than ever in America. They brought back the old saloon and gave it a degree of respectability, so that women feature cocktail parties, and they even drink at the bar. All this is a step backward. It just doesn't go with the teachings of the Man whom I preach."

In the summer of 1935, St. Louis was to learn about C. Oscar Johnson what Lincoln discovered about Grant in 1862—"I can't spare this man, he fights!"

St. Louis had been made the "goat" in the Hess horse and dog racing bill in the Legislature, and was in a mood to do something about it.

Consequently a group of thirty church and civic leaders was named to compose a Committee in Opposition to Race Track Gambling in Missouri, with Oscar Johnson as Chairman.

Johnson, a past master at coining popular phrases, learned that Edward O'Hare, Boston racing promoter, backed the bill with a powerful lobby, and that it was



"Fellow citizens of Missouri, I call upon you to help defeat this measure"



"But, Governor, the Christian people of Missouri expect you to veto this bill"



to be introduced into the House by Representative David A. Hess, of St. Louis. Their names gave him a slogan: "The Hare-Hess-Horse-Hound Bill." Then he looked in his Bible for a text. He found it in Matthew 7:6—"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs."

In case the "Hare-Hess-Horse-Hound Bill" should become a law, it specified that dog racing should be legal in Missouri within twenty miles of all cities containing 600,000 or more people. Since St. Louis is the only city in the state with a population that large, it was obvious that the dog-track gamblers intended to operate only in St. Louis, St. Louis County, and across the Mississippi river in St. Clair county, Illinois, which contains East St. Louis, the third largest city in Illinois outside of Chicago.

JOHNSON went about his fight in systematic fashion. Rated as one of the best talkers in the city, he did something besides talk. His first convert was Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann, who became his most powerful ally. Then he enlisted the Mayors in all incorporated towns of St. Louis County—University City, Richmond Heights, Clayton, Brentwood, Kirkwood, Maplewood, Webster Groves, Huntleigh Village, McKnight Village, Ferguson, Ladue Village, Olivette, Deer Creek, Valley Park, Florissant, Shrewsbury, and Rock Hill Village.

"If the Hess bill becomes a law," said the St. Louis *Star-Times*, editorially, "it will mean that the Democratic party of Missouri definitely ties itself up with the underworld. The Rev. Mr. Johnson says he is going to preach on the subject of dog tracks next Sunday. If he deals with race track gambling with reference to its ultimate effect upon the political party sponsoring it, he should take as his text: 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'"

But, backed by the powerful O'Hare Lobby, and through much alleged trading of votes, the Hess measure passed both houses of the Legislature by small majorities and was sent to Governor Park for his signature.

Johnson was undaunted by the apparent victory of the O'Hare forces. He was in Kansas City at the time, addressing a banquet. A reporter on the Kansas City *Star* called him on the phone and advised him that the Hess bill had passed. He left the dinner and called Governor Park at Jefferson City and told him that this bill was the high spot in his administration, and that his place in Missouri history would be determined by it. The Governor had thirty days in which to make his decision.

CHAIRMAN JOHNSON returned to St. Louis and gave this statement to the press: "I would like to appear before Governor Park with this statement:

"Our committee would like to say that in the event you ignore the wishes of all the mayors in the vicinity of St. Louis, as well as the mayor of our own city, together with pastors of all the churches, and a large majority of the civic organizations, Parent-Teachers' associations, educational and fraternal groups of all kinds, and do not veto the Hess bill, you need not be surprised if the entire moral and educational forces of this section of the state rise up in arms in order to defeat this bill,

and to defeat those who have foisted it upon us.

"We would remind you that there is coming another day, when the voice of the people may be heard and their votes counted, and I am convinced that the large majority of the citizens of our community and of the entire state do not want this bill passed.

"If we lose in this particular case, we inform you that we are not through. We trust that you will weigh this carefully and respect the wishes of individuals who make up the organizations I have mentioned."

In his sermons at Third Church the determined chairman dealt sledge-hammer blows at "The Hare-Hess-Horse-Hound Bill." Great crowds packed two auditoriums and overflowed to the sidewalk. Reprimands and threats came from dog-racing men and "good advice" from the Boston lobby, but the big, lovable, fighting preacher from the Norris Dam country ignored them and went about his business. As he looks back upon the "Battle of 1935," he has no regrets. He is at peace with God and his fellow men.

"I don't like a fight like that," he remarked, "but I refuse to sit by and see an octopus like dog-track gambling reach out its eight slimy arms and take the bread of poor children." I believe the holiest thing a man has in this world is his family.

"And there is something else—I think the preacher who does a thing of this kind purely for sensational reasons is to be despised, but one who engages in it honestly, regardless of the hazards, because of his conviction that race track gambling is morally wrong, and gravely dangerous, is to be commended.

"I didn't go out of my way to get into this dog-track scrap; I found it on my doorstep, but because of what was involved, I gave my best to it for several weeks."

ON JUNE 7, 1935, Governor Park vetoed the Hess bill.

Chairman Johnson immediately wired his congratulations and thanks to the Governor and issued this statement to the press:

"I am very gratified, and all our people will rejoice that the Governor has vetoed the Hess bill. I wish to express my personal appreciation to Governor Park for his careful study of the bill, and for his decision to kill it. We are jubilant that he has done his duty as we see it. I also wish to thank the newspapers. They could not have given us better support."

Johnson is not too proud to fight where a moral issue is involved, either at home or abroad, a subject upon which his views are as wholesome as his sermons.

"I don't believe," he said, "that a preacher should give over his pulpit to politics, but he should not abandon his citizenship. I fought dog racing and race-track gambling in Missouri, and I guess I helped to defeat them in the legislature. I encourage every agency for the moral good, and I am against everything that destroys. It is my policy never to take a political stand, either for a man or for a party. It is wrong for a preacher to do so. He has members in his church who belong to all parties. He should not be-

come a Democrat or a Republican all at once. No matter who is President of the United States he is my President. We have never had a perfect Chief Executive.

"And I can't agree with the out and out pacifist, but I am worried by the tremendous sums being spent for armament. The nations are not building great war machines without expecting to use them before they become obsolete. I am for peace, but not at any price. And I am for some kind of referendum, in case the President and Congress should take a sudden notion to invade another land. However I do not join my brethren who say they would rot in prison before they would fight. There never will be any permanent peace until the Prince of Peace reigns in the hearts of men. We cannot have peace by the head; it must come by the heart."

JAMES STALKER, in his "Life of St. Paul," has a chapter on Paul's unconscious preparation for the office of an apostle. It is clear now that Oscar Johnson's struggles at Coal Creek, at Louisville, at Los Angeles, and at Tacoma, were part of a similar unconscious preparation for his ministry at the crossroads of the two larger Baptist bodies of America. In ten and one-half years at Tacoma he increased the membership of First Church from 350 to 2,350, but he cannot be said to have "arrived" until about a year after he came to St. Louis, when he was unanimously elected President of the Northern Baptist Convention.

In like manner, Third Church went through twenty years of the same unconscious period of getting things ready. Never was a church plowed, harrowed, and dragged in better fashion to render unselfish service to its city, to its denomination, and to its country than Third.

Third Church auditorium has 1,800 seats, with 1,000 additional chairs downstairs with loud speakers available. During the first dozen years of the century the church was crowded because of the pulpit eloquence of the late Rev. William J. Williamson, a pastor whose affable personality so permeated church and civic life that his untimely passing shocked the church into the belief that there never could be another W. J. Williamson.

Good pastors came and went, the church was loyal to them, but the glamor was gone. There was talk of selling the property at Grand and Washington and moving westward to a residence district, as other churches were doing. Third Church, they said, was through. Pastors of other churches, always generous in their opinions of a sister church, opined that Third might as well move to the west suburbs.

But God hadn't forgotten. Third Church couldn't have seen the Coal Creek giant in the offing any more than the eleven discouraged apostles could have imagined that "the God of our fathers" had chosen Saul of Tarsus to be the twelfth and greatest apostle long before they prepared a ballot and elected Matthias.

IT WAS a cold night in January of 1931 when Charles Oscar Johnson, his wife, and three children, arrived in Union Station to become what the wise ones thought was just another preacher at Third Church.

When Theodore Roosevelt died, it is said that a (Continued on page 46)





By

Dr. Francis C. Stifler

**Y**OU don't know what the title means? Neither do I exactly. But I know a thrilling story that comes to focus in it. Let me tell it to you.

I am not particularly ashamed that I cannot read this title for I do not believe there is a person in the United States that can do it. The only white people I know of who can read it are two men I never met. One is named Walle Sundberg and the other is O. Anderson. They were also the first ever to write it so that anybody could read it for they reduced the language in which it is written to writing. Then there are a few thousand black people who can read it. Of these I know the names of only two. They are Iippo Zackens and Petero Katerusche. These black people live in that section of the Belgian Congo that lies between the Kasai and the Lukeui rivers which both join the Congo just above Leopoldville. There are about 70,000 of these people. They are called Sakatas. I don't even know how to pronounce this tribal name for I never heard anyone who has been there say the word.

Walle Sundberg and O. Anderson and some other missionaries have been befriending these people for many years. By dint of the most patient sort of work they finally analyzed the Sakata language, mastered its structure and in time were able to harness it to our Roman alphabet and reduce it to writing. Then they taught some of the tribe to read and to write, enlisted Iippo Zackens and Petero Katerusche, who apparently had a flair for language, to help them, and a year or two ago these four men set out to translate the Bible into the Sakata language. Because the Christian gospel appears in a very direct and personal way in the book of John they tackled that book first. When the manuscript was done they sent it to London to have it printed. And thereby hangs my tale.

When the manuscript entitled *Mose Molo Mo Yoane* (by this time you have guessed with me that the last word means "John") was accepted at the office of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London it was registered as the 1000th language into which the Scriptures has been translated. So this little book, with no particular merit above many similar publications, becomes, like the one millionth car to go through the Holland Tunnel, a symbol of something much greater than



## MOSE MOLO MO YOANE



itself—that there is a book some part of which has found its way into a thousand tongues!

How many languages can you name? That would make a snappy contest to stage at a party. Of course you could name most of those spoken in Europe and a few from the Far East and some of the American Indian dialects. The first prize ought to be given to the person who could name fifty. And even then the judges would have to be lenient on spelling. Among those that would likely not be on even the winner's list would be the Urdu, the Benda, the Bulu, the Luba Lulua, the Swahili, the Cebuan, the Pangasinan, the Xosa, the Keres and the Aymara, and yet Scriptures were sold in every one of those languages to persons in the United States in the year 1937.

There are hundreds of languages in the world that were never reduced to writing until Christian missionaries did as Walle

Sundberg and O. Anderson did for the Sakata people. All the great languages of the world have received the Scriptures long ago. The whole Bible has been translated into 179 languages and many of these had first to be reduced to writing.

What a story it has been! It began on the day of Pentecost when the visitors in Jerusalem heard in their own tongues wherein they were born the mighty works of God. Pentecost was a prophecy. It pointed to the day when the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. And it pointed to the fact that the peoples of the earth were never going to hear the voice of God effectively in any language but their native tongue.

Peter and Paul went out and preached in Greek. But the time came when Greek began to fall into decay. Latin was taking its place. So the Bible was translated into Latin. Already it had passed into Arme-





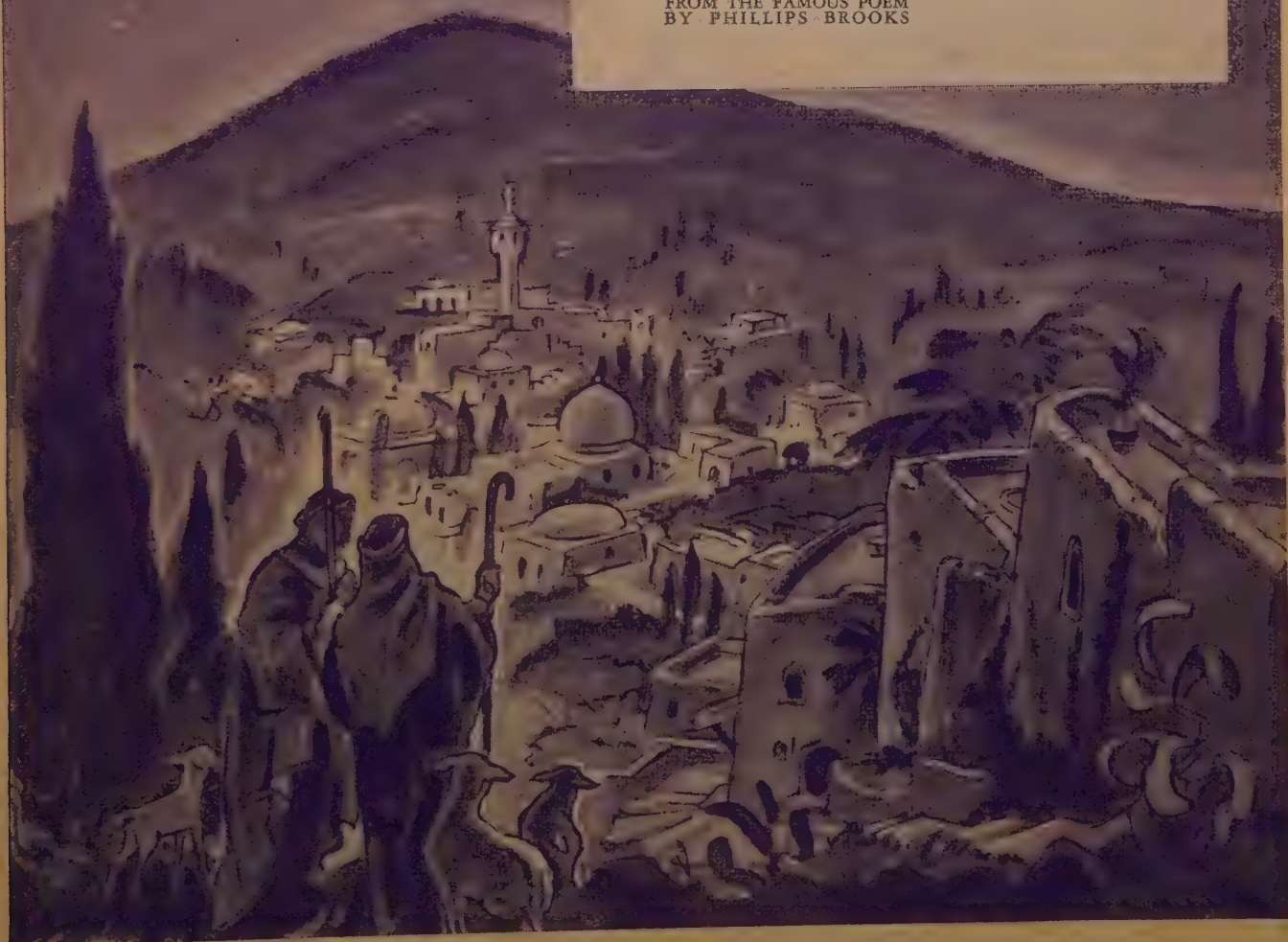




little town of Bethlehem!

How still we see thee lie,  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark street shineth  
The everlasting Light,  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee, tonight.

FROM THE FAMOUS POEM  
BY PHILLIPS BROOKS





## The Magi

God, God, that our wise men tonight  
Would leave their empires and their thrones,  
And follow one clear star across  
The desert land, the cobble stones,  
The frosted stubble, there to find  
Beneath that strange and dazzling glow,  
The little Christ—Ah, should they kneel  
Together there, I know, I know  
The old, old enmities would cease.  
There would be universal peace.

God, God that presidents and kings  
Would take the same high, lighted road,  
Joined in an earnest search for One  
Who came to share their heavy load,  
The burdens that they bear would lift.  
The travelers down sea and land  
Would reach across a manger bed  
To clasp each other by the hand.  
God, may the Magi of our day  
Find Thee upon their common way.

*Grace Noll Crowell*



## The Christmas Spirit

Under the starlight bright as the morning,  
Mary, the Mother, crooned to her Child.  
A halo of light her proud head adorning,  
Yet sweet was the mouth that so lovingly smiled.

Young and so fair was the Mother who bore him,  
Lovely to see as she held him to breast.  
She smiled at the Wise Men kneeling before him,  
Then back at the Child she so fondly caressed.

He was her world. Her gift to creation.  
Beautiful Mary, no one could bring  
A more precious gift than that of salvation  
And Mary gave Jesus—a Saviour and King.

*Edith Cherrington*

# Christmas

## The Brightest Spot

Our God be praised for Christmas time  
In every home or hovel drear  
Throughout the world, in every clime;  
The brightest spot in all the year—  
When Peace on earth is glorified  
With wider fields to wander through,  
When Greed her ugly face would hide  
And Sacrifice comes into view!

How merciless would be the world  
Had not One come to light the fires  
In human hearts where Sin had curled  
His hard, cold fingers around desires!  
What if there were no holy Name  
In Whom all humble ones may pray!  
Our God be praised that Jesus came  
On that first far-off Christmas Day!

*Ruby Dell Baugher*





# Poetry



## Recipe

Take bright tinsel and a star  
And a slim, tall tree—  
Take a sprig of mistletoe,  
Take a bit of candleglow  
And some childish glee.

Take a carol and a prayer,  
And a sleigh bells' chime—  
Take a slice of snowy weather,  
And, with friends grouped close together,  
You'll have Christmastime!

Margaret E. Sangster

## Bobby's Letter

Dear Santa: Bring a drum to dad,  
And roller skates to mother,  
And bring a sled to sister Sue  
And marbles to big brother.  
No, Santa, I don't want a thing  
When Christmas comes, you see,  
The people that don't like their gifts  
Will pass 'em on to me!

Elizabeth Chisholm



## A Collect

Oh God!  
At this Christmas season  
Give to the Church . . . Wisdom  
To the Rulers of Nations . . . Vision  
To the women of the world . . . Patience  
To the men of the world . . . Steadiness  
And to all who bow before Thee  
Holiness like of the Christ Child.

Margarett Bradt Southmayd



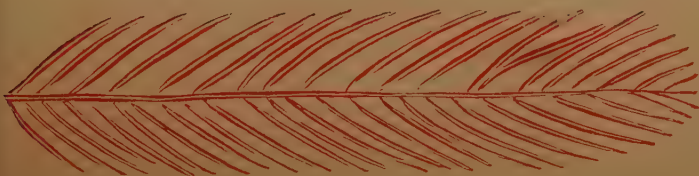
## Mary's Son

Sweetest story that ever was told—  
When angel hosts came down to earth,  
And touched their shining harps of gold  
To celebrate the Christ Child's birth.

Dear little Babe of Bethlehem,  
Thy gentle spirit is new-born  
Within the generous hearts of men  
On each returning Christmas morn.

Oh, that this spirit might remain  
With us throughout the entire year!  
Then peace on earth fore'er would reign  
And fill the world with love and cheer.

Mary L. Kempfer







The crèche shown above was bought for a very small cost at a five and ten cent store

**T**HE custom of setting up figures to represent the birth of Jesus at Christmas time is very old. No one knows where it began but there is a story that St. Francis of Assisi, bringing animals into the church out of the bitter cold one Christmas Eve in the Thirteenth Century, grouped them about the altar as the ox and the ass and the sheep were said to have stood about the original manger, and so made the first crèche as we know it. Though these Nativity groups have always been used in this country, particularly in Pennsylvania, their popularity has been very much on the increase in recent years among people to whom Christmas means a great deal and who wish to keep it significantly.

Naturally such a group of little figures is more than merely another Christmas ornament. But at the same time nothing fits so gracefully into the scheme of the Christmas decorations as a whole.

The cost of a crèche depends entirely on what one wishes to spend for it. Surprisingly nice figures can be bought at almost any five and ten cent store during the holiday season, where they are sold separately so that one may buy simply the Christ Child, Mary and Joseph or add the wise men or the shepherds or as many as one likes. It is well to have all the figures made of one material, for otherwise the group is apt to lack coherence. Most department stores and many gift shops carry crèches also, generally in complete sets, at a cost of anything from a dollar or two up, depending on the size, materials and workmanship.

Fine hand-carved wooden ones are imported from the Swiss Tyrol, and very beautiful ones are made in that country of pottery. But whether one has a very fine crèche, signed by the artist who made it, or, like the author, a very simple one from a department store, its whole meaning is in where and how it is placed and not in how valuable it may be; because such a group of figures stands for something

# Why not make A CRÊCHE?

By Gertrude Simpson

beyond itself, much more than mere dolls.

What exactly is a crèche and how does one set it up?

The simplest crèche consists of three figures; the Christ Child in the manger, Mary and Joseph. Mary is always placed on the Child's right hand, that is, on the left as one faces the group, and Joseph is placed opposite, on the other side of the manger. To these three pieces there may be, and generally are, added an ox and an ass standing to the right and the left behind the manger, and the three Wise Men bringing gifts. These last should be placed in the foreground, in single file or grouped, as one wishes, but in any case they must not obstruct a clear view

the wondrous event it represents.

The above arrangement of the crèche is correct no matter where it is placed or against what kind of background.

Probably the most logical as well as the most effective places to set it are on the center of the living room mantelpiece, on a small table which will be used to hold nothing else during the Christmas season, under the Christmas tree, or on the center of the dining room table.

If the mantelpiece is selected, a handsome background may be made by pinning a piece of gold paper to the wall behind the figures and setting small pine or spruce branches and holly leaves against it. Or, if one has a handsome



of the Child, nor must the shepherds, if one uses them too. Put the shepherds on the opposite side of the group from the wise men. If your set includes a lamb lying down, place it at the foot of the manger. Figures of angels may be added grouped behind the Holy Family. If a toy stable is used with the group, the figures should not be crowded into it, in fact, unless the stable is quite large, the figures are probably better placed in front rather than in it. Be careful not to place the figures too close together or the group will have an agitated appearance out of keeping with the spirit of

piece of tapestry or other woven material that isn't too large, this may be used. But avoid anything that has a strongly marked pattern for the purpose of the background is to isolate the figures and emphasize them. If one has the ingenuity to construct it, a little bower made of spruce and holly over Mary, Joseph and the Child with the other figures placed outside, is charming. A gold paper or gold tinsel star should be hung over the manger or pinned to the wall above it, and the whole may be framed with a pair of candles in their sticks. In any case, at least one candle should be set near the





The crèche shown above was assembled by our Art Director, Mr. Kenny, from scraps of material picked up around his home, and from figures bought for a few cents at a ten cent store. Any boy who can use saw, hammer, nails and glue, can make a similar one without any trouble. The crèche shown in the larger of the two cuts on page 26 can be bought at a department store for about a dollar and a half

group to light it. The reason, aside from the tradition, for using candles instead of an electric light is that the flickering of the candle flame causes a play of light on the little figures that gives them an amazingly lifelike quality.

If the group is to be set on a table by itself, choose one that is not too large, otherwise the figures will be lost on it. Place it against the wall and cover it with something special for the occasion. Again gold paper may be used. If it is however, the paper shouldn't cover the whole table top but extend only under the figures themselves. Around this place small spruce branches and sprigs of holly and light the whole with one or two candles. Or the whole table may be covered with a piece of woven stuff, such as a shawl, and on this the group be set up, with the holly and so on placed around it.

If your Christmas tree is large and your crèche figures very small, they will be less effective placed under the tree than they will be in the two positions discussed above. But if the crèche and the tree are in some sort of scale with one

another, especially if a table tree is used, this is a very charming traditionally correct place to set it. Be sure the lower branches are high enough not to hide the figures. For a ground, one may use artificial snow, dusted over a sheet or other white material, or a floor may be made of spruce branches and holly sprigs. Naturally, lighted candles are out of the question underneath a Christmas tree, but one or more of the tree's own lights can be arranged to light the group. If a light is placed directly over the manger, it



While Christmas has very rightly become a period of generosity and holiday spirit it is imperative that the children as well as the adults fully appreciate that it is essentially a religious festival and that the scene pictured in the Crèche is by all odds the most important event in the history of the world.

The Crèche will not only attract the children but will constantly remind them of the sublime event which began a life that promises the only solution to the tremendous problems of today's world.

should, of course, be a white one to represent the Star. If one has a toy village, it may be scattered about under the tree to represent the town of Bethlehem, but it should not crowd the crèche and if a toy Santa Claus is used, he and his reindeer should be placed at a little distance from and to the rear of the Nativity. No matter where the latter is set up, mantel, table, or under the tree, it should have the uncontested place of honor. And if the tree isn't so large that the crèche is lost under it, this is perhaps the best of all places for it, for the Nativity is Christmas and the tree is the most important of the Christmas symbols. Incidentally, an old book lists the following as the proper symbolic ornaments for the Christmas tree: toy horses, boars, stags, goats, oxen, eagles, harts, squirrels, cats, wolves, ravens, and swans; gilded apples and gilded nuts; toy fish and lambs, candy or cookie hearts, gold thread (called Lametta and symbolic of the golden hair of the Christ Child), wax angels, cardboard anchor, pale pink roses and white lilies, and artificial snow.

Used as a dining room center, the crèche should face the head of the table. What has been said above about backgrounds to set it on, of course, applies here. Don't crowd it and don't use it in combination with frivolous objects, but keep it as simple as possible. It is astonishing how much dignity even the least expensive of these little figures have.



By Daniel A.  
Poling



THE world celebrates Christmas because it commemorates the coming of Christ to earth. In Jesus God came—came as He had never come before—came as the world has not seen him since—came in the person of His Son. God had come to man in previous times, to the first man, to every man, as He will come to the last man. He spoke to Abraham in Ur of the far Chaldees. What impressiveness there must have been in that conversation! What high authority in that command: "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house into a land that I will show thee." It has been echoing down the trails of adventure and across the deserts of discovery ever since. "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred." And He came to Joseph in dreams of the Egyptian night—dreams that sent him from a slave's cell to a throne. He came to Moses in the burning bush, and that never-dying flame kindled torches that lighted Israel across the Red Sea and the Jordan and through the wilderness. He came to the Judges and the Kings and the Prophets. He came to the widow in her poverty and to Job in his riches. He came with mercy and deliverance and in judgment upon sin. Yes, God came to man before Jesus came, but never in such fullness of power and love and life, for in Jesus was Omnipotence present.

Why did God come, come by the manger in the "stable of the lowing kine," come in the silver night while shepherds watched their flocks hard by, come to a woman's heart and cradling arms; come to a hungry, angry world? Why did God come? There was a reason. Always there is reason in the mind and plan of God. That reason may be far beyond our comprehension, but it is there. He leaves nothing to chance, nor does He set the tiniest atom in motion without a cause. Why did God come? And it is the reason rather than the fact that challenges us today. And always I have found my richest reward in searching for the reason of the things that are; nor has that reward been necessarily conditioned upon my finding the reason. When accepting some great fact, acknowledging some profound experience, I have taken the hand of faith to walk in this forward leading way of discovery, never have I failed to come upon vast intellectual and spiritual rewards.

When I have accepted the great fact of creation, interesting though the details may be, and well worth looking into, when



Text. JOHN 10:10

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."



# A Christmas Sermon

not over-emphasized, my mind at once asks a stupendous question. *Why?* Why all of this? Mountains shouldering mountains and rising upon mountains; oceans and continents; day and night; sun and moon; stars and universes. *Why!* Why? To give man a domain! And though other questions I am ever asking are not so quickly answered, I have joy in their quest. There is intellectual exercise and always the knowledge of ultimate reward, for their answers are hid with Christ in God and I am on my way to Him;

And now the question of this hour, "Why did God come?" The trail is not long that leads to its satisfaction, nor is the way difficult. We need not balance theories, nor is it necessary to turn to commentators for hidden meanings. "Why did God come?" And God answers in His Son: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

Ah! Now we know! He did not come

to write books and we are no longer disturbed because He left behind Him not a single manuscript. He did not come to found colleges and so we do not dig in the ruins of Jerusalem for crumbling walls and stately academic colonnades. He did not come to set up a physical empire. He did not come to found a philosophy and so we do not write His name in the great books with Confucius and the rest. He did not come to establish a new social order; He did not come to build a Cathedral and to found a church. Jesus Christ, God's Son, came that we might have life—full and abundant life!

And if we are alive today, if we truly live, if we possess the abundant life, it is because He came, for "He is thy life." He pours Himself into the channels of our being as blood is pumped from healthy veins into the arteries of sinking patients; He gives us the mind of a master and the will of a conqueror, and we go forth to make the world His Kingdom. He wrote



no books with the hands that were too busy breaking bread for hungry multitudes, and mixing clay for blinded eyes; but He has guided the pen of the highest thinkers, and inspired the genius of the noblest poets and sweetest singers. He founded no institutions of learning in Jerusalem, where His days were crowded with temple cleansings and court appearances, but from Peking to the Nile, in every land and to every race, women and men whose life He is, have dedicated colleges, hospitals and orphanages that are veritable temples of enlightenment and cities of refuge. He left no warrior's sword, no shining armor, but He moves across the bloody plains of war with the only balm for battle-wounds, and some day He will make of spears the pruning hooks of Peace.

AND some of His critics take exception to the fact that He spent so much of His time in ministering to individuals while the multitude passed on, hungry and naked and blind; but He did put into the hearts of those individuals a dynamic that drove them to the end of the earth preaching the irrepressible Gospel, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Irrepressible, did I say? Yes! and irresistible, too, for this Gospel shall live and grow in the hearts of men until avarice shall be overthrown, until hate shall cease and brotherhood shall reign. What matters a thousand years or ten, of delay and apparent failure? "Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on! Hold fast! Hold out!"

And Jesus built no synagogues. Five hundred years and more, some cathedrals were in process of construction. The Carpenter of Nazareth lived only thirty-three. He wrote no creed, He left the constitution for no church; but He poured Himself into Peter and Luther and Calvin and Wesley and into all their spiritual contemporaries and descendants. And out of them He issued; out of them He came again in mighty spiritual communions that girdle the globe, and bind together the hearts of men in Christian fellowship.

AND these personalities into which He poured Himself, and upon which as living stones He built His Kingdom, untouched by Him, unchanged, however brilliant and prolific their natural endowments, could not have moved the world and shaped immortal destinies for unnumbered millions. Saul, the tentmaker, plus Jesus Christ, became Paul, the builder of spiritual empires; Savonarola, the humble monk, plus Jesus Christ, became Savonarola the martyr and the enduring synonym for loyalty to truth. William Carey, the cobbler, became by the authority of the life within him, the torch-bearer to the millions who sat in darkness. And a humble lad named David became the Livingstone in which was laid the first drain to Africa's running sore. "I am come—I am come," we hear Him say, "I am come that you might have life—life more abundant," life for yourselves, but life with reserves for others; life with overflowing vitality; life to make a dead world live!"

And life is man's supreme desire and most passionate quest. He wants physical life. How he battles to hold his last fluttering pulse. How he struggles to keep in

him the latest breath! And how he envies those who have life in the abundance of its powers, when he is tremulous and old. What a shock it is to find that your muscles no longer have the resiliency of youth, that your eye has lost its keenness, that old, once-easy tasks now quickly tire. Man wants and wants to keep physical life. And God pity him if he doesn't! God pity the person, I say, who has no concern for himself and his physical associations in the wonderful world about him. Live as long as you can, and as well. But don't forget—that is all you can do!

And man wants intellectual life; he reaches out for that which feeds his mind; and when he feeds it well, favors it with wholesome food, he is sound and healthy, intellectually fit; but when he gourmandizes with filth he is sick. A good many publishers and authors must hide their

## THE CARPENTER

By Hugh J. Hughes

I am glad that the Lord I have loved so well  
Was born to earth in the common way;  
And to common folk by a roadside well,  
In a manger where cattle had browsed their  
hay.

I am glad that the Lord I have loved so long  
Was a boy like others I have known about;  
A boy who was eager for play and song,  
With a cheery heart and a lusty shout.  
I am glad that the Lord on whose heart I lay  
The burdens of life when my own heart fails  
Was a man who worked in a craftsman's way  
With boards and a saw and hammer and  
nails.

I am glad that the Lord to whose hands I  
trust

This spirit of mine when the end is won,  
Was a man who tasted the highway dust,  
And who hungered for rest when the day  
was done.

(Courtesy The New York Times)

★ ★ ★

faces in shame, these days. We need to pay more attention to our library shelves and tables, and our children need our guidance in their reading habits and programs. The most effective thing we can do is to give personal supervision to our own reading, and the reading of those we are directly responsible for—this first of all. It is very difficult to devise adequate or practical laws for such a crisis. But let the laws that are enforced.

And man wants social life, spiritual life, the life that drinks in long, deep draughts at the spring of friendship; the life that feeds at the table of love. How scrawny, how pitiful a thing is an existence without a friend. Here is poverty; here is worse than death. And how our hearts go empty when our friends go out!

Man wants life! Here is the center of his soul's desire; Life—more life! Some try to satisfy themselves with quantity, whatever the quality. They stuff themselves; they crowd the chambers of their being and choke its sensitive channels. They feed it as did the prodigal of the Scriptures with husks; they try to satisfy it with the food of swine. But presently

they find that they have eaten death instead of life, that the germs of pestilence have been hidden in the loaf.

Man wants life; he may deceive himself, but what he wants is life! Not riches; not honors; not houses to live in and wheels to roll him about, but life. He will give wealth, incredible wealth, in the faint hope that somehow it may be purchased. He will mortgage possessions for an eye-lash of it. He will suffer torture to make its appearance more symmetrical. He will go on long, pain-accompanied journeys to find it in a spring or to look for it in a fountain.

NOW and again a super-life appears among us; a life that nothing can deny or thwart; a life that scorns our hindrances and rides to its pole like a mission divinely appointed; that laughs at limitations which have fenced our paths; that seems untouched by earthly maladies and immune against the sting of circumstance. Physical life that faces the fies of Labrador and makes a channel through Arctic ice or, with equal hardihood, cuts a way through fever-laden jungles and miasmatic swamps. A Peary, a Byrd, a Stanley, a Hudson, a Balboa or a Columbus. Intellectual life that writes a Paradise Lost or an Odyssey; a Pilgrim's Progress or an American Commonwealth; a Fall of Rome, or a Thanatopsis, or a matchless symphony. An intellectual life that shines in blindness or through prison bars, like a sun in its unclouded zenith; a Homer, a Milton, a Bunyan, a Bryce, a Gibbon, a Shakespeare, a Dickens, a Bryant or a Mozart.

And spiritual life; that life of the deeper instincts and emotions; that life absent in none of these others to be sure, reaching in some of them the high plateaus of exaltation, and yet reserved in its fullness for a Paul, a Lincoln, a St. Augustine, a Calvin or a Wesley!

Man wants life and God has come to give him what he wants! Physical life, yes! Intellectual life? Yes! But spiritual life preeminently—this life which lasts, which is not subject to any fit of weakness, which knows no decrepitude and no decay, which has no old age and which laughs at death. This life of the new, the divine principle; this life which is Christ in us; which is our hope for time and our unailing claim on eternity.

ABOVE all things else man desires life; but what he desires is different altogether from what he sees about him. He does not want the life of flowers, closing in the evening chill; he does not want the life of happy songsters falling dead upon their nests; he does not want the life of springtime blending into summer, fading into fall; he wants progressive life, unfolding life, unending life, life to its completeness, perfect life; and to the question of man's eager search, I hear the answer of the ages: "I am come for that. I am come that ye might have life—life more abundant."

Whether we return from the slumber of the hospital or not, whether we survive the springtime and the summer and the autumn; or fall asleep upon the couch of winter's calm; we live! We live! And that we might have life, and have it more abundantly, Christ came to earth on that first Christmas in Bethlehem.





# Father Comes Home

By Helen Welshimer

**W**HEN the buzzer on Peter Blain's desk sounded, he answered without a suspicion that anyone more important than a traveling salesman or prospective client would be in the outer office.

"Mr. Lamont to see you, sir," his secretary's smooth voice informed him. "Mr. Cyrus Lamont," she added meaningfully.

"What!" It wasn't a question, it was an explosion the way Peter said it.

"Shall I show him in?"

"Yes, certainly—"

Mr. Cyrus Lamont—whew!

It hadn't been three months since controlling stock in the company in which Peter was a junior executive had been purchased by a wealthy business man from the West, a man named Cyrus Lamont. A large amount of correspondence had passed between the new head and the company office, and it was known that Mr. Lamont planned to come east, shortly after Christmas, to effect a reorganization.

But this was two days *before* Christmas! The old boy might at least have left his employes in peace until the tinsel was off the trees and all the candy canes broken, Peter reflected ruefully.

Then he noticed a pile of brown-paper packages in a corner chair. He swept them up in a long arm. A doll with a lot of silly little curls attached to the top of her head poked her face through a box, and an engine escaped and chose its own track across the floor, straight toward the opening door and Mr. Lamont.

"Hey, wait!" Peter called.

"An order's no good without a switch to pull," a hearty voice announced, followed by a deep chuckle, and Peter met the keen gray eyes, twinkling now, of his

employer. In that instant of recognition he sized up the expensive, impeccable tweeds, the silver sheen of hair, the firm chin. The man went on talking:

"This is the first real glimpse of Christmas I've had this year. How many children have you, Blain?"

"Two, Mr. Lamont," Peter answered, feeling like a small boy caught playing truant, yet unable to resist the friendliness of the deep tones. "My wife has an idea that offices are good parking places for kids' presents." He dumped the juvenile impedimenta back in the chair and held out his hand. "How do you do, sir?"

They talked about Christmas for a little while. There was a Salvation Army Santa Claus ringing a bell under the windows, and an electric sign across the street alternately flashed on and off its string of bright greetings. Quite naturally, in a little while, Peter found himself explaining his department to his chief. Aware as he was of the shrewd business acumen of the older man, he had no fear now. The old man was all right! Jake! Not that you would try to fool him, of course.

Mr. Lamont understood all about the inflated boom that was supposed to betoken prosperity's return and hadn't. He knew why sales couldn't stand up to the 1928 figures, and that over-production

*Impulsively she held out her hand. "Does it play 'Oh come all ye faithful' too?" she asked.*

Illustrator, Charles Zingaro





was a menace. But when he said, "Like it here, Blain?" Peter wondered if he had talked too much.

"Part of me, by now. I came here ten years ago, just out of college."

The older man nodded gravely. "No thoughts of leaving?"

Peter felt as though a melted icicle was trickling down his spine. Thoughts of leaving? Where would he go? What would he do?

"No—none at all, sir."

"Good! Glad you're pleased. There will be some changes probably. They're inevitable. I'll talk to you at greater length after Christmas. The holiday's too near to get serious over tonnage and shipping!"

He glanced at his watch, an inconspicuous white-gold wafer, which made Peter's cumbersome yellow-gold timepiece suddenly weigh heavily in his breast pocket. Then he said: "Ever try to kill time, Blain? It's a real job! Everyone's busy with holiday plans and there's too much wastage of minutes between conferences."

Peter was breathing more normally. His office chair wasn't wobbling mentally so much. No man who was going to fire you Thursday would talk like this on Monday. In his relief, with no thought but that of making a friendly gesture, he said:

"If you aren't busy over Christmas, Mr. Lamont, why don't you spend it with us? Come out tomorrow and watch the youngsters hang up their stockings and stay over."

He would be refused, of course. But that was what he wanted. The invitation was just a graceful goodbye. Or so he thought. The next moment the older man was smiling.

"Are you sure it won't inconvenience

you and your wife? I'd like to see that boy of yours when he gets his train. You know, the truth is that I've dreaded Christmas alone in a hotel. Efficient and cheerless—hotels. Especially at Christmas. How do I get to your house?"

Peter heard Mr. Lamont explaining that an all-afternoon conference next day would tie him up; that he had better take a late afternoon train directly to the suburb; that he was delighted to accept. Peter heard it through a misty red haze inspired partly by the electric sign that blinked on and off, partly by realization of what he had done.

When his wife, Sally, heard—

Sally was at the commuter's train to meet him. Her smooth yellow hair was shining under her green tam, and she clutched six-year old Jane with one hand, eight-year old Jack with the other.

They started down the white street that shone beneath the light from the street lamps. The children ran on ahead to look into the little shops whose windows sparkled annually with silver trees, phosphorescent snow, and ropes of transient tinsel.

Well, Sally had to know some time, Peter decided. It might as well be now. She looked so small, so young, with her heart-shaped face uplifted to catch the sharp cold sting of the snowflakes. In one more minute she was going to be mighty upset. A guest was problem enough with their bedroom shortage and their finances ebbing under the burden of bills to be met. Any guest was bad enough—but his boss!

Sally let him stumble through the story. Then she said: "Peter, how could you? Where will we put him? Jack has the guest room. He'll expect a turkey and we have a chicken, and he'll be used to finger

bowls and a private bath and maid service. I haven't time to get ready, Peter!"

"I wish it was the twenty-sixth of December," Peter answered, so dolefully that she laughed.

"Never mind. I'm sorry I was such a grouch but it is pretty awful. Still—he's your boss."

A carol was drifting from a little house that they were passing.

"Oh come all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant!"

It reminded Sally of the revolving music box on which her Christmas tree stood when she was a little girl. It knew two carols, and as it played them the sparkling tree turned slowly. Hundreds and hundreds of times her father had wound the shining box while a blue-eyed child listened ecstatically, and confused the glory of tinsel balls, the Bethlehem birth, and circular motion. Her father never had refused to turn that key for her—not once.

She didn't want to think about that now. "Tell me about the new owner, Peter," she urged him. "Is he severe or just—nice?"

Peter went to his office on the 8:05 train as usual the next day. Sally, upstairs, transferring the guest room to its accustomed order, became aware of a dull knocking at the back door. Another tramp. Already she had fed three that morning. She had scarcely enough bread for lunch. Maybe she would disregard that sound. . . . It kept up, patiently, persistently, as though the man who stood there had placed his final faith in this appeal. Sally answered the door.

Then she paused, and one hand sought the wall. This wasn't real—she had been working too hard—she was seeing things the way people did sometimes. . . .

"Father!" she gasped.

"Don't be too surprised, Sally, my child." The shabby old man reached a hand that was partially covered with a torn old mitten, then withdrew it. "I just wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas while I'm passing through."

She had recovered her poise now. She knew that she was asking him in, watching him put down the worn old bag he carried, offering him a chair, asking if he was hungry. His eyes brightened when she mentioned food, and she wondered dimly when he had last eaten. He needed a shave. His suit was threadbare and mended. His feet were coming through his shoes. He had no overcoat. Without a doubt he was in desperate financial straits.

Her father—her father who had been so merry and laughing and who always wound the singing Christmas tree!

Of course his predicament was his own fault, she re-

(Continued on page 55)







From the jacket of "Through Lands of The Bible"

Courtesy Dodd Mead &amp; Co.

# Through Lands Of The Bible

*Books for Christmas Giving, Selected by  
Albert Linn Lawson*

**T**WICE before, in our Christmas issues, we have enthusiastically commended the matchless travel books by H. V. Morton—*In the Steps of the Master*, and *In the Steps of St. Paul*. This year we have taken equal delight in reading Mr. Morton's new book, *Through Lands of the Bible*, (Dodd Mead & Co., \$3.00.) The charm of this writer's books is due, I think, to two things. First his keen observation and insight; and second his vividly eloquent descriptions, unequaled by any other English or American writer. He sees more than the ordinary observer, and makes it come alive by his wonderful gift of description. The new book is fully equal to the preceding two in these respects.

Mr. Morton has covered the Holy Land and adjacent territories most thoroughly. By train, by car, by wagon or cart, frequently on foot, he has traversed almost every foot of Bible lands, making friends easily with everybody, and seeing all from a fresh and delightful viewpoint. The most commonplace incidents and sights take on beauty under his touch. For example, the dirty little coastwise steamer on which he traveled up the coast stopped in the night. The very silence waked him; "but there was one sound so low that I had to listen for it; the lovely ripple of water running along the sides of the ship, touching the iron plates with a gentle playfulness and then stealing away in the darkness. I lay half awake, enjoying this sound." Again, "No doubt St. Paul gazed northward where the ridges of the Taurus rise white against the sky, like a nibbled wedding cake." Has any one else ever thought of that simile, I wonder?

His book is by no means all description, however. There is plenty of history in it—not dry, dead stuff, such as the ordinary traveler would write, but such gems as this: "Many a holy man is now forgotten whose name was once revered all

over the Christian world. Every devout Christian in the fifth century, for example, would have known of the shrine I was on my way to see, Kala'at Sim'an, the place where St. Simeon Stylites spent his life

## RECOMMENDED

### As Suitable Gift Books

**Christmas—The Augsburg Annual.** This, the most beautiful Christmas Annual published, is finer than ever this year. Beautiful color illustrations, poems, (including one by Grace Noll Crowell,) carols, stories, readings. Augsburg Press, paper \$1.00, cloth \$2.00.

**Cheer and Comfort**, by Richard Maxwell. A splendid collection of Mr. Maxwell's maxims, poems, songs and stories. Rodeheaver—Hall Mack Co., \$1.00.

**Rand McNally Atlas of the Holy Land.** The best atlas of the Holy Land published. The maps are clear—the names can actually be read without a magnifying glass. Rand McNally, \$1.00.

**The Happy Autocrat**, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. This was fully reviewed last month. A charming life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Longmans, Green, \$2.00.

**Sing-a-Song Playbook.** The most unique novelty for children published this season. Has a xylophone attached, and numerals indicating the notes to be struck, so that the child can sing and play at the same time the dozen or two illustrated songs. Perfectly fascinating. McLaughlin Bros., \$1.25.

**Just Like You**, by Lucy W. Peabody. Stories about children of all lands, making this truly a "first book of international friendship." M. H. Leavis, Boston, \$1.00.

**At Eventide**, by Bishop Gottfried Billing. Described as "a new book for the old folks," this little volume contains messages of comfort and encouragement for those of advanced age. Augustana Book Concern, \$1.00.

**The Poet and the Woman**, by Beatrice Plumb. Reviewed last month, this life of Grace Noll Crowell makes an attractive and inexpensive Gift Book. Harper's, .55 postpaid.

**Listen, the Wind**, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Even better than North to the Orient is this new book by a writer who had no thought of becoming a writer at all. Harcourt Brace, \$2.50.

**The Woman's Almanac**, compiled by Florence Brobeck, Alice Archibald and others. By women, about women, for women, this is a book that every woman not only wants but needs. The new edition is greatly enlarged and improved. Oquaga Press, New York, \$1.00.

**Between You and Me**, by Edgar A. Guest. A collection of Eddie Guest's incomparable articles, glowing with his mellow homely philosophy. Reilly and Lee, \$1.50.

sitting on the top of a pillar. Pilgrims came to him from Gaul and Brittany, from Italy and from Spain. They came traveling easily along the great Roman post-roads, and they arrived at last, not in this Islamic land of mosques, but in a Christian Syria, as full of saints as a field of poppies." I for one, knew nothing of St. Simeon; but I'm sure I'll never forget him, after reading that.

The automobile, it seems, has replaced the camel as a mode of travel, much to the disgust of the thieving Bedouins whose once easy prey now flashes past him. "One of the most pathetic sights in the modern desert is the sight of a Bedouin's eyes as he looks into a car and sees so much easy plunder rolling off into the distance. I have seen my cat look like that when some one walked past him with fish on a plate."

The author likes people—all sorts and races and conditions of people. On one occasion, at Aleppo, he was introduced to the young Bey of Aleppo, an important and wealthy young man. Morton happened to mention to him that he was having difficulty in finding a Syrian driver who would face the desert road to Palmyra.

"I will motor you there—I have nothing to do," said the Bey.

Morton reminded him that he wanted to start at four o'clock in the morning.

"That is nothing," replied the Bey. "I will call for you at four o'clock." And he did, and drove the author, most skilfully and agreeably, to his desired destination.

Space forbids a full resumé of this fascinating book. He crossed the desert to Baghdad; to the holy city of Kadhmain; to Babylon, and Ur of the Chaldees (think of a train stopping at *Ur Junction!*); to Egypt, to Mount Sinai, on and on through every land mentioned in the Bible, or visited by any of the Bible characters. And everywhere he saw things the ordinary traveler would never see, though they are right under his eyes; and he tells us about them all, so vividly, so delightfully, that I, for one, could not put the book down until I had finished it. And having finished it, I wished I could look forward to another of his delightful books about Bible lands. But this completes his trilogy, and hereafter other lands and other scenes will be made alive for us by his magic pen. Don't miss this book!

*The Life Story of Rev. Francis Makemie.* By I. Marshall Page. William B. Eerdmans, Grand Rapids, Michigan, \$2.50. Mr. Page has written more than just a life story—he has taken the character and public service of the chief founder of organized Presbyterianism in America as the occasion for what is a high call to Christian patriotism in a free land. Of Francis Makemie, Cotton Mather wrote 230 years ago: "That brave man, Mr. Makemie. . . . The Non-Conformists religion (all the American denominations: Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian and all) have the blessing of God because of Francis Makemie."

Here is a book that belongs in every preachers' library.

*Who's Who in America* has become an indispensable reference work for every office, and for all individuals who have frequent occasion to seek information about well known living Americans. The new

(Continued on page 54)





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# MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE



## Christmas Comes Again

THE singing words, "Peace on earth, good will to men," have a strange, unaccustomed sound at this time of tumult and unrest . . . With the fires of hatred sweeping through Europe and Asia, with racial feeling at high pitch, and class ranging against class, it is sometimes difficult to remember that twenty centuries ago a Baby was born in a stable in Bethlehem. It is even harder to remember that the same Baby, grown older and sadder, died upon a stormy hill-top so that all men might be brothers.

And yet—rising out of the chaos and change—we *do* own that blessed assurance! For a Saviour came to dwell among us, and He drank from life's bitter cup so that we might gain the courage to make a new start.

As Christmas comes again we are granted the opportunity to see visions and to dream dreams. As the visions drift in from the past we glimpse a little eastern town with a star shining white above it. There are shepherds grouped close together for warmth. There are angels with silver voices telling tidings of great joy . . . And there is a very young mother, still drawn and white from the memory of the suffering through which she has passed, and with the hint of greater suffering to be!

The dreams we dream? They, for the most part, have to do with the future. With a future in which the hopes of the Christ Baby are gloriously realized—in which Calvary, that is always a part of war and discontent, is swept away . . . We dream of a star that shines steadily across a changing world, painting a path that is lighted with human charity and with faith.

When Christmas comes again our dreams and our visions give us a brief sense of tranquility and of truce.

Few of us are important enough—or strong enough—to have a part in the juggling of those affairs which alter the course of nations . . . But each one of us is strong enough to have a very vital part in rearranging the affairs which touch our own boundaries. When Christmas arrives—with its period of armistice—we can try to lay aside the nagging cares of the day. We can find time to say the kindly word, to write the looked-for letter, to perform the small, gracious deed . . . We can endeavor to give from a sense of love, rather than from a sense of duty.

We can erase personal strife from the frontiers of those contacts that stand for fellowship, and we can force ourselves to realize that race and class have no importance whatsoever in the final analysis.

It always bothers me when folk allow themselves to become harassed and impatient over the business of their Christmas shopping. It seems such a mockery of the One who bestowed the first Christmas gift . . . It jars me when I see people hag-

gle over Christmas bargains, and wonder whether the ultimate exchange will be an even one . . . There can be no even exchange at Christmas—not when the day was founded upon the priceless gift of an only Begotten Son.

I hate to see people approach the Eve of Christmas with weariness and boredom and sophisticated laughter. Holly and hemlock and tinsel and crowded stockings may be childish simple, but they are in memoriam of the gold and frankincense and

myrrh that were carried across the desert and laid reverently at the dimpled feet of a sleeping Child.

Oh, when Christmas comes again every street holds a message and a prayer . . . And every church bell rings an anthem, and every mother's face mirrors a divine spark, and every infant resembles the Christ Baby.

And if you see it so, "Peace on earth" doesn't seem out of place. And "Good will toward men" means—just that!



Crowded streets and city mist, poverty and tears,  
Yet the Christmas story sounds across the breathless years  
Telling in a splendid way of the Saviour's birth—  
Whispering, "Good will to men—peace on earth!"

Beggars—some who ask for faith, some who cry for bread—  
Lonely folk whose sad eyes cling to the path ahead;  
Yet there is a ray of hope, glimmering afar—  
Can it be the blessed light of a silver star?

Crowded streets and city mist, tears that melt away  
When we hear the thrilling words, "It is Christmas Day!"  
We who walk toward Calvary take new courage when  
Angels murmur in our hearts, "Peace—good will to men!"

## My Letter of the Month

THE letter which I have chosen for this month is very short—but it requires a long answer. It comes from one of our greatest cities—Chicago.

"When Christmas is close at hand I find myself puzzled over the eternal question of *what to give*. I have numerous relatives and friends and a rather limited bank account. After several weeks of hectic shopping and budgeting, I sometimes feel very much confused and find that I'm about to present my young niece with some article that should really go to my grandmother. I will be very grateful—and I'm sure that many others will be grateful, too—if you would publish a list of practical gift suggestions.

C. S. F."

The list follows:  
For a very young baby (who does not care very much what Santa Claus brings): Knitted things are best—sweaters, booties,

mitten or a carriage robe. (If you can knit or crochet, you're that much ahead of the game!)

For a very small girl: Even in this sophisticated age, dolls are still the most popular . . . If you are handy with crayons or water colors, a set of homemade paper dolls might bring delight . . . Picture books with easy text . . . "A Child's Garden of Verse" is a perennial favorite . . . Toy dishes and tiny cooking utensils may be purchased at the dime store.

For a very small boy: If his family has steady nerves, a drum is always welcome . . . to say nothing of a mouth organ . . . Toys that teach construction . . . Books about animals or Indians or trains—profusely illustrated.

For a growing girl: Between the ages of eight and fourteen, books are always the most acceptable gift for a thoughtful child who enjoys reading . . . Colorful clasps for hair that is apt to be unmanageable . . . A bright, becoming sweater, with a matching beret, may awaken a sane clothes-consciousness.

For a growing boy: A baseball, a catcher's mitt, a hockey stick, a fiction book

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# Mrs. Caleb's Boarder

**Synopsis:** Bruce Hardy, a young minister, enters his first pastorate at Millvale, a factory town. He boards with motherly but gossipy Mrs. Caleb. From the start he is well liked. Among his supporters are Deacon Hart, Col. Knowles and his pretty daughter, Mary, Tom Moore, a foundry owner and Mandy Peel, Tom's eccentric old aunt. His only avowed opponents are Squire Clouse, landlord to the Spigers, a poor family, and Blair, the Squire's dissolute and tricky son. Bruce's efforts to help Gwen Dale, a pretty but flighty girl, are misinterpreted by the town gossips. He ignores them, and turns his attention to helping Bill Spiger get rid of the drink habit. He gets Bill a job in Tom Moore's foundry. Now go on with the story:

By Arthur C. Baldwin

## [PART FOUR]

**T**HERE was a large attendance at church the next Sunday, and the minister was giving them plenty to think about.

"I have no intention of being radical, and I want it understood that I do not uphold law violation, or Sabbath breaking. But there is a time when sympathy and wise judgment will accomplish more than harshness. We need the young men of this town in this church, and they need us. We will not reach them or help them by slamming them into jail."

The congregation gasped at the preacher's boldness, for the move to "have the law" on the boys had been begun by some of his own members.

"This is the twentieth century, and we're not going to win young people by outmoded methods."

"I'm not in favor of Sunday baseball, but I'm not in favor of trying to stop it by arresting those boys. That would be an outrage."

A heavy fist pounded the pulpit and Bruce Hardy paused in his sermon to let his words sink in. "The thing to do is for this church to furnish them rooms or space where they can meet for harmless recreation. That's one thing I'm looking forward to—a new church, with provision for the boys and girls, too."

When Bruce called at the Knowles', the Colonel took the first opportunity to sug-

gest a little caution. "Look here, Dominie, I like you and I hate to see you spoiling your prospects by being too modern. It's not going to do you any good to get a reputation like that. You've got to take folks as you find them, and they'll think you went too far Sunday."

They were sitting in the Colonel's spacious living room. What a contrast it was to the Spiger home and how impossible for a man like the Colonel to understand the drabness of people's lives when they had no interest in reading or sufficiency in themselves. Sunday for those who spent their days in the mills and for such as the Darnleys and the Knowles—an entirely different proposition.

"What's the use," the Colonel went on, "of getting folks all stirred up and giving Phin Clouse a chance like this. He's mean enough as it is without—" He was about to say more when the entrance of Mary and Stephen Hoag interrupted him and he subsided muttering, "You'll do a lot better to stick to the gospel."

Mary looked curiously from her father to her Pastor.

"I suggest," she said brightly, "that you gentlemen postpone all arguments while we have tea."

As the tea was being served, Bob Wallace and Kathryn Darnley appeared. "Hello, Dominie," Bob grinned. "I've been wanting to see you. That was a great

piece of business last Sunday. Dad told me about it." He nodded with great approval as he accepted a tea cup. "The boys say they are going to come to church next Sunday night."

Colonel Knowles was on his feet instantly, gesturing dangerously with his empty cup. "You boys had better not forget that there is a state law about Sunday baseball and the sheriff is going to enforce it. Mr. Hardy can say what he pleases but there's the law."

"That is very true," echoed Stephen Hoag ponderously. "The laws on the statute books are there to be enforced. When I am mayor, they—ah will be enforced."

"What's that?" Bob turned to Stephen.

"Are you running for mayor, next election? I heard Sam Darnley was going to put you up?"

Stephen stroked his mustache carefully. "I shall be glad to have Sam's support, but my nomination when it comes will be from the people. I shall wear no man's collar."

"You'll be about as free as a dog on a leash," returned Bob with some contempt. "I guess we know who runs this town. So you will enforce Sunday laws? That means that Sam is for them. What in the world do you and Sam care about Sunday laws?"

"It is not a question of what I think," returned the attorney stiffly, turning to Mary for support. "You would not have us allow our personal opinions to enter in, would you?"

"You're doing it all the time," declared Bob hotly. "How about that policy shop at Gregory's? I placed a bet there last night. How about Canfield's? There's a lot of dead letter laws. You politicians don't give a hoot about them. If you are going to enforce the Sunday laws it will be just because you are making a play for the church vote."

"Don't be too sure about the church vote," Bruce interrupted, shaking his head seriously. "We have a strong element in the church that opposes the corruption in our city politics."

Stephen Hoag turned to the minister. "To tell the truth, Mr. Hardy, I was a little surprised to learn of your position. After your—er Quixotic act in forfeiting a victory for conscience sake, it seems a lit-



the strange to find your conscience so reconciled to Sabbath breaking."

"I'm not advocating Sabbath breaking," retorted Bruce, trying not to lose his temper.

"Why Stephen, I am surprised at you," Mary cried, the color mounting in her face. She had been listening to what was said with a feeling akin to alarm. "Were we breaking the Sabbath when we went out in the car last Sunday?"

"How about that golf you played at Spa City the week before?" demanded Bob.

"And you played some tennis out at our house one Sunday you remember," Kathryn added.

Stroking his mustache, Stephen listened to the various indictments. Then he remarked calmly, "You people don't get at the nub of the matter. What I do or you personally is our own affair, but church people want their sacred day. They've got a tradition they want to keep alive. So long as they do and have the votes, it is the business of party to give them what

they want. That's all."

Bob slowly got on his feet. "I see," he remarked heavily. "It is the votes that count. The man who wants to be mayor will have his ear to the ground. Well, let me tell you, Mr. Hoag, there may be more votes waiting for a more liberal view than you and Sam Darnley realize, if I report this conversation."

"Oh, I say," Stephen was plainly alarmed. "What I said here was in confidence. I would not care to have you repeat it. If there is a real public feeling in the matter I think we could find a way."

Bruce's laugh was quick and hearty. "Did you hear the story about Mr. Taft, I think it was, on the sleeping car? He was standing on the platform and the porter told him to come in, it was not permitted to stand on the platform."

"Why, George," said Mr. Taft, 'I thought platforms were made to stand on.'

"That ain't so," said the porter. 'Don't you know, Mr. Taft, that platforms was

made to git in on, not to stand on?'"

There was a hearty laugh in which, Bruce observed, Mary did not join. She looked troubled and anxious.

When the guests had gone Mary sought her father. "I sometimes wish that Stephen was not so close to Sam Darnley," she remarked thoughtfully, fingering her ring.

"Well, he's in politics and he can't go very far without Sam," said the Colonel philosophically.

"That's what he says. He wants to go on to the Legislature and be a senator, maybe a governor in time. He's so talented, I know he could do well in any office," she went on loyally. "But if he gets an office, does that mean he will have to do what Sam says?" Sitting on the arm of her father's chair, she stroked his hair while she searched his face anxiously. "It—it doesn't seem as though I could honor a man like that," she added.

"Oh, Steve's all right," reassured the Colonel. "He's no different from any of them when he works with a boss like Sam. They all have to. The time comes when a man gets big enough to do what he pleases. Then he can tell Sam to go to where he pleases, if he doesn't like it."

The girl did not seem to be satisfied. "I wish he would say that to Sam now," she murmured. "I wish he would team up with a man like Mr. Hardy. You think he is wrong, I know, but at least he is not afraid to say what he thinks. I like a man like that."

On one of their days, the Ladies Aid of the First Church had its regular meeting to sew and viewed with unanimous concern their Pastor's matrimonial or lack of matrimonial prospects. Miss Fannie Law, long-time organist and resident of the third floor apartment opposite the post office and recognized authority on village happenings, had intimated matters of dire concern and when she received the Aiders' attention turned her whisperings and noddings into words that all could hear. The Pastor was taking up with Gwen Dale. There was no question about it. Only the day before she had seen him meet her right there in front of the post office, probably by appointment, and talk to her nine minutes by the clock.

"They never knew anyone else was

Bruce was surprised, himself, at the thrill he experienced when, coming from Mandy Peel's house the next day, he met Mary Knowles just coming in—Illustrator Henry Luhrs





around." Miss Law's lips tightened. "He never looked up once. There I was settin' in my front window parin' potatoes lookin' through the shutters, and Gwen dressed up to kill. He didn't have eyes for no one else. People was passin' and passin' all the time, watchin' and thinkin'. I guess I counted twenty while they was talkin', most of 'em men, Steve Hoag, Bob Wallace and lots of 'em. I've known Gwen ever since she was a baby and she's allus been spoiled. John Dale thinks the sun rises and sets for the child but she ain't cut out for a minister's wife."

"I WONDER if we are not taking this too seriously." It was Mary Knowles. Much younger than most of the members, as the daughter of Colonel Knowles she had recently been warmly welcomed into the Society and made its Secretary. She had listened to Miss Law's malicious recital of gossip and innuendo with a surprise that rapidly became indignation. That there was nothing in the story, she was convinced. She knew Gwen and she thought she knew the Pastor too. There could be no affinity there.

"Gwen Dale is not the only girl Mr. Hardy has called on," she went on, color reddening her cheeks. "He calls everywhere. He's called on Kathryn and her mother, and on Mrs. Spiger and Emma, and he's called at my home several times." She finished defiantly. "We expect him to call. We would not like it if he did not. A pastor has to call sometimes when the men are away at work. I don't think it is nice to be watching him, suspecting him, making it hard for him. I suggest that we trust him. When he wants to get married he will probably tell us. Until he does, I think it would be better to let him alone and—and mind our own business."

A smile softened this last remark and the tension noticeably eased. Mary was a right sensible girl, was the general opinion and Stephen was a lucky man. Perhaps they had been a mite hasty. Fannie was all the while seeing things.

Mrs. Caleb was of the opinion, however, that a friendly private word to her pastor would do no harm and broke the news to him at the supper table.

"The Aiders was talkin' some this afternoon," she began.

Bruce Hardy grinned. "I'm not surprised," he returned with a chuckle. "What was the 'piece de resistance' this time?"

MRS. CALEB blinked. "I dunno as they was resistin' anybody," she said stiffly, "unless it was the prospect of gittin' a minister's wife that wouldn't be exactly right."

"What are you talking about?" Bruce was plainly astonished as Mrs. Caleb regarded him with maternal solicitude. Faithfully, then, factually, beginning at the beginning with the often discussed automobile ride, recalling various calls at the Dale home, including two suppers, many conversations in the church aisles after the service, down to the last meeting before the post office. Mrs. Caleb went over the record while Bruce listened, marveling at the exactness of her knowledge and the utter falsity of her conclusions. Rapidly his surprise gave way to a wrath, an anger that was all the deeper because there was nothing tangible for him to

deal with. The idea of Gwen Dale! It would have been ridiculous if it had not been so serious. How could he let them know that he saw through all of Gwen's pitiful airs and graces and knew what a silly, empty, vain little piece she was? It had tickled her vanity when he had suggested the big brother act and he was trying to give her a saner view of what was really worth while. He was glad he had, but he had not realized that the whole village was soon to be watching.

Nor could he reassure them by letting them know the dreams and ideals of his heart. They were too sacred for utterance. Some day he would find her, the girl whom he would know as the help meet for him, his comrade and the life partner in all his work. She would love his people with a sympathy and understanding that went beyond his own and they would love her, the minister's wife, for her sympathy, her charm, and tactfulness. A power behind the scenes she would be, not an officer in church societies nor a singer in the choir, willing to let the others have the preference, and all the more helpful because her work was quiet and personal. Often he thought about her, the wife that was to be. Sometimes he knew how lonely he was without her, someone to go out with him in pastoral calls, someone to come back to after a tempestuous meeting, someone who understood him, cared for him, watched over him, beautiful beyond the power of words to express. Somewhere, God grant it, the ideal girl was waiting for him. If only he could be worthy of her, and when he found her he would love, honor and cherish her with every ounce of his heart's devotion.

HIS smile was twisted, rueful, as he ascended the stairs after his conversation with Mrs. Caleb. She meant all right. She had talked to him faithfully, as if she had been his mother. She had tried to let him see that the people had high notions about a minister's wife and Gwen did not measure up. And he had let her talk and solemnly assured her he would be more careful. Mrs. Caleb had said something about Mary Knowles and her defence. He was grateful for that. Mary seemed different from the general run of women in the church.

His thoughts kept coming back to Mary, and he found it increasingly pleasant to think of her. Still he was surprised, himself, at the thrill he experienced when, coming from Mandy Peel's house the next day, he met Mary just coming in. She greeted him warmly, and the knowledge that she belonged to Stephen Hoag did not prevent him from seizing the opportunity to walk with her down the street. He gazed after her thoughtfully when she left him. So beautiful, so intelligent, so everything that a minister's wife should be. Ah, well. . . .

That same evening Bruce Hardy was surprised to have Dan Spiger appear at his door. The boy did not have much to say when he was ushered in.

"What's on your mind, Dan?" said Bruce kindly.

The boy gulped, looked out of the window and at the walls and at the minister for a fleeting second. "I—I was wonderin'," he began nervously.

"All right, Dan, what about?" Bruce encouraged.

"I was wonderin' if I could come in," the boy blurted out at last.

"Come in, where?"

"The church. Kin I come in?" His eyes were fixed on Bruce in appeal.

"You want to come into the church?"

Bruce repeated in a surprise he did not attempt to conceal. "That's good news, Dan, but tell me why. What has made you think about it?"

They were facing one another squarely now, the red-headed young man of twenty-six and the boy of seventeen with tousled hair and freckled face. Dan was smiling a bit sheepishly as he felt the novelty of the situation; but there was something in Mr. Hardy that gave him confidence.

"I DON'T wanna be like my dad," he mumbled thickly, still twirling his cap. Then, finding courage, he raised his eyes again and looked Bruce full in the face. "I'm sick of it, that's what I am. I'm sick of everythin', the way we live and all that. What kin a feller do?"

Bruce's heart warmed as the boy tried to express himself.

"Dan," he said, an unwonted tremor in his voice, "I can't tell you how happy I feel about this."

The boy looked up quickly, feeling the sympathy. "Gee, Mr. Hardy," he said awkwardly, "nobody ever cared much 'bout me before."

Bruce grasped his hand and his glad laugh brought a slow answering grin. "Shake Dan. We're pals from now on. Understand? We're going to stick together."

Still holding his hand, Bruce searched his face while Dan wriggled happily. "I want you to know you've got a fight on your hands," he went on earnestly. "It won't be easy and there will be times when you will feel like chucking the whole thing. Yes, you will," he repeated as the boy shook his head. "You and I are going to work together and pray together. How about it?"

After Dan had gone, Bruce turned to Mrs. Caleb's kitchen and related the story to her. She listened thoughtfully.

"You goin' to find another job for him?" queried Mrs. Caleb.

"Not now. It's his idle time I'm thinkin' about. He does not care for books. I doubt if he could read them, anyway. What can he do for himself but loaf around the street corners?"

"There's lots of boys like him round town."

"That's right," said Bruce. "We have no Y.M.C.A., no club room, nothing but Gregory's saloon. Our churches are dark most of the time."

"Well, you wouldn't expect a church to open up and pay for coal and light," said Mrs. Caleb practically.

"I suppose not." Bruce's tone lacked conviction. Somehow, somewhere there must be some place for boys like Dan and men like Bill.

LATER, while Bruce and Mary Knowles were in the Colonel's study, talking over the minister's dream of what a new church could do for boys like Dan Spiger, the phone rang. The Colonel listened a few minutes, then sprang up red and sputtering.

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"Victory Over War," one

of the murals in the League of Nations Palace at Geneva, painted by the Spanish artist, Jose Maria Sert. It is the last of a series portraying the struggle of humanity throughout the ages to overcome the evils that afflict it. An exact replica of this mural, by the same artist, constitutes one of a similar series by Sert in Rockefeller Center, New York

## Trippers All!

**L**AST month, five years, almost to a day, after my sister and I took our children on a summer's journey through England and Scotland, we started on a like journey through eastern France and a bit of Switzerland, then along the Rhine. In a way, it was to be a real tripper's trip; just a rushing, bird's eye view of lands which cried out for leisured consideration. But Cornelia and I have a theory that the rapid survey is valuable. It tells you what spots you want to come back to, the sip of this and that before you decide to make a full meal off one or two items!

And so, about eight o'clock one August morning, a big, comfortable car drew up at our garden gate and Cornelia and I, with Penn, niece Honoré and nephew Paul, embarked on the swing round a fascinating circle. The car and the courier were not those which had taken us on all our previous trips. Jones, alas, has no French and except in the trenches on the Western Front, has had no experience in Continental travel. Frontiers are very difficult these days. We required a courier who

knew where to go and who spoke a good colloquial French; and we found one in the person of young William Watson who, although only in his middle twenties, has taken several trips such as we planned. The car was his own, too, and out of his experience, he had fitted it with several gadgets which added much to the interest of the trip. For example, there was an altimeter on the indicator board which told us just how high in the air we were going, and when to begin panting and when to slow our lungs down to normal!

Two hundred and fifty miles from Brixham to Dover; we did this the first day. It was far too much but we were real trippers and so we were pressed for time. The high spot in the day was marked as occurring at lunch when in the hills of Wiltshire, we stopped by the roadside for a picnic lunch. A second-growth woodland was behind us. Below us dropped wide farm lands. And suddenly instead of August, May sounded in our ears! Larks were pouring out their enchanting songs above the distant fields! Fourteen-year-old Paul is quite mad over bird study.



### PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

*Honoré  
Morrow*

He never had heard a lark. He seized his field glasses and plunged down the hill where he was rewarded by finding three of the lovely songsters all in the sky at once.

We reached Dover late in the evening and went at once to bed. It was cold and rainy the next morning. We arrived at the pier for the channel crossing in a driving storm and queued up for the first inspection of passports. This irritating formality finished, we dashed aboard the steamer where Mr. Watson was superintending the embarkation of his car. The boat was jammed with trippers like ourselves and we prepared for a most uncomfortable crossing. But like most worries, it didn't happen. We found comfortable seats and the sea, in spite of rain, was as smooth as glass. In just an hour and a half we were docking at Calais.

Here the French customs officials had to be passed. They were quite perfunctory with us as we filed by until one of them observed a parcel which Honoré was carrying. He demanded to be told of its contents. Honoré's French deserted her in the face of his ferocity, so he seized the parcel and opened it to find two English sugar buns, the remains of a dozen which Penn had bought us that morning in Dover. The customs man and everyone else roared with laughter—and so we entered France in an atmosphere of good humor that never failed, throughout the trip.

The car was waiting for us as we emerged from the customhouse and shortly, Mr. Watson, equipped with his Continental car-papers, joined us and we were out on the cobblestones of Calais, headed for Paris. Northern France was harvesting its fields and so the little towns through which we passed were deserted. The towns, so shabby and unkempt, were a violent contrast to the fields, so tidy, so perfectly farmed. In the stubble acres, where the wheat had been shocked, we saw gleaners for the first time in our lives; old men and women gathering up grain left by the harvesters. It made me think! Three-and five-horse wains loaded with straw grudgingly made way for us. If the non-beauty of the villages disappointed us, the rich countryside certainly delighted us.

Honoré's great desire was to see Paris and at first we'd planned to stop there a few days. But the speed madness having really gripped us, we decided merely to sleep there and some other time give Paris the months and months it deserved. So we stole into the famous city in the dark, a soft rain greeting us, and left the next

(Continued on page 52)



This young man is beaming over the gift of warm clothing he has received at the Mission

**A genuine Westerner, a "lover of canyons and horse trails," makes a visit to New York, and tells a vivid story of the two great sanctuaries he saw—one of the nation's largest and most splendid churches—and Bowery Mission**



WAS it not one of the prophets who said, "The young man saw visions, and the old man dreams dreams?" A native son of the Middle West, the very mention of New York City would bring great imaginations to my mind and it was as a young man that I began to form visions of the metropolis. These visions were greatly enhanced by the writings of certain columnists, who were unusually realistic in their description of the big town. Yes, I am thinking of one certain chap who has gone on ahead into that land where city editors always smile, and the richest material for a column comes with the mere crook of a finger. But it was many years before an actual visit to the town materialized—not that it was an impossibility, but when the opportunity for a vacation presented itself, the call of the less populated spaces farther to westward seemed most insistent. These calls were often answered, until I became a lover of canyons, and a frequenter of horse trails. These regions came to be places of worship and perhaps I felt somewhat as did the old cattleman, who, on a visit in the East, often referred to his home range as "the great open spaces," whereupon a friend asked,

"Where is this wonderful country you speak of so much?"

"Why, don't you know?" he replied. "It's bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis; on the east by the cold gray dawn of the first morning after the Creation; on the south by the Procession of the Equinoxes, and on the west by the Day of Judgment."

Naturally, in such a vast territory, there would be ample room for thought, and there is no doubt that a great many of these thoughts must necessarily dwell on the everlasting. Churches in these spaces are not as close together as filling stations and beer joints, and as a rule do not boast of record-breaking attendances; nevertheless, it seems that the Almighty is very, very near. It is said that a ranchman's prayers are usually silent; but who knows, that if that silence were broken, and his thoughts put into words, it might not form a masterpiece of all the petitions of mankind to the Divine, something that would echo and reecho



# Two Sanctuaries

By Stanley C. Brown

across the canyons of the range? If, after a poor financial year, there is a tendency to discouragement, he may sit on the top rail of a corral fence, and as the farther chain of purple mountains is bathed in the liquid gold of a matchless sunset, he gains hope and inspiration for a better year to come, and even a glimpse of immortality.

And this brings memories of a winter night, not so many years ago, when a childish form tossed restlessly on a bed of fever, while a storm raged, and the thermometer, just outside the kitchen door of the log ranch house, dropped rapidly below the zero notch; while in the front bedroom, the silver thread in another small glass tube rose slowly but steadily above the century mark at each "taking." There was the hurried phone call for the doctor, but the distracted central at the little inland general store reported the line to town was dead—

probably broken down in the storm.

There followed moments of despair when one prays without uttering words, and is incapable of coherent thought. Then a ring from central and she said she would try the private line to the ranger station, over in the basin, where one man spent the winter alone. He had another line to a point on the railroad, many miles over the mountains to the west, and perhaps the storm was not so severe in that direction.

One chance in ten, and it worked! The message was relayed several times in a roundabout circuit of more than 150 miles, and finally the SOS call reached an already tired doctor; but "greater love hath no man," and after heroically shoveling and battling fifty miles of drifts and storm with his car, there was yet time. Yes, God was very, very near that night, and as the ranchman reflected on these things, and watched the sunset he



loved so well, his faith was even stronger. In the weaving of life's pattern, there sometimes appear many strange figures and designs. Occasionally one of these might be classified as a paradox. With one who is familiar with the immensity of some of the things we have just mentioned, there are bound to be some sparks of mental reaction, when, once in each decade, he crosses the Broadway trail. Of my first trip to New York, I will not speak now, but, instead, of one visit so recent that the intervening time should be counted only in weeks, and the memories are fresh and fragrant.

There is only one New York in all the world, and perhaps it is the only place where familiarity does not breed contempt, but the thrill is intensified with each successive visit, and the experience of advancing years. As this is a story of contrasts, it will, perhaps, not be out of place to list some of the emotions that come to one who is more familiar with open spaces. The romance of the street scenes has been so well done by the aforementioned columnists that the pictures they have made had best remain in their original reality. Personally it seems that the teeming life of the metropolis is certainly a living verification of many axioms, and uppermost of these is the one in which

spiritual contact. Here was an opportunity actually to realize one of those earlier visualizations by attending famous Riverside Church—not but that there were many others equally as worthy, but on these momentous occasions it is sometimes necessary to take every possible advantage of opportunities that do not frequently present themselves in everyday life. So another dream came true, and when that magnificent, somber, gray stone structure was first sighted, I had the same strange feelings as with the first glimpse of the mountains or the ocean. As the carillon chimed out the hymns before the morning service, I had many mixed emotions. First I thought of Rheims. Then of Beatrice Plumb, that gifted lady writer who so loves bells and carillons, and was so greatly thrilled when she had a part in the making and casting of a bell. Then it seemed as if the call of every church bell in our whole country, that Sunday morning, was echoing from that very tower. There is a folklore that the ghosts of Hendrik Hudson and Washington Irving frequently return to hold a tryst along the banks of the old river they so loved; and I think, when the chimes peal out, the spirits of those two great men enter this church and kneel at the chancel. As we looked reverently down the nave, it was as if we

on that immortal shelf with the pen and paint brush? As the tones of the organ rise and fall, they seem to come from the same source of power as do the swells and breakers of the ocean. With the anthem one has the feeling that all the discords in life are being transposed into the harmonies of a heavenly chorus without a finale; and the message of the minister proves to us further that in this superbly appointed meetinghouse, man is not vain-glorious, but that it is part of a pre-conceived plan of Divine inspiration. Perhaps for many, this would complete a full day of worship, with many beautiful thoughts to dwell upon for some time to come—but we must carry out our idea of contrasts, and at the same time take advantage of the opportunities already mentioned. So by 3 P.M. of this same Sunday we find ourselves in vastly different surroundings, and speaking in the language of Gothamites, we have gone from uptown to downtown, both figuratively and literally, and are sweltering in the crowded gallery of the Bowery Mission. The Lord certainly speaks in many languages, and as the broadcast gets under way and the dynamic Charlie St. John hits his usual stride, the quotations from scripture that are painted on the walls of the narrow auditorium cry out with God's own voice. The pipe organ and piano are blended with an unusual harmony, and never before did the hymns "Rescue the Perishing" and "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning" have the appeal that they did at this place and hour. There are a few moments of exhortation, then a prayer, and all of the service frequently interspersed with a rousing old familiar hymn, but vibrant with a something we had never before experienced. And there is the testimony, in front of the microphone, of some outstanding few who have been rescued from this one-way street of forgotten men. In a timid, faltering voice, they try to tell what the Lord has done for them. There was one certain lad, about nineteen, who seemed unusually grateful for what he had received, and said he hoped to get a job washing dishes, so he might pay his own way. St. John immediately interrupted and said, "Son, you don't mean that. Washing dishes is all right in an emergency, but you're capable of something better. What is it you would really like to do?" The boy replied, "Oh, I would just love to work with shrubbery, and in a garden." "Go on!" the leader shouted. "Now God's talking to you." And the youth enthusiastically outlined the things he would so love to do. When he had finished, St. John's plea went out over the ether waves for some one to give this lad a job as caretaker in a garden. And his wish was quickly granted. The jargon of the milling crowd is but the bleating of sheep and the bawling of cattle, but when a soul cries out, humanity stops to listen. And the workers of the Bowery Mission have their sensibilities delicately trained to catch the faintest of these cries. Under the very shadow of the Third Avenue elevated, and completely surrounded by dens of iniquity, liquor joints and miserable "flop houses," the Mission (Continued on page 71)



In front of the microphone some of those who have been rescued, from this one-way street of forgotten men, tell, in timid, faltering voices, what the Lord has done for them someone has said that the battle for bread is by no means any sham battle. To one who has heard God speak in the awesome silence of a remote wilderness, it seems that in this roaring, shrieking, honking, labyrinth of man-made canyons and tunnels, He is very, very far away. So it would be only natural, on the Sabbath day, to seek some place of worship and dispel that feeling by renewing the saw another beautiful canyon, carved and decorated with the God-inspired handiwork of man. The stained glass windows give the impression that the sun is always shining, and thus they try to show the never-failing love of the Saviour, and speak individually to each member of the congregation that this is His heritage. The carved stone speaks in a language as old as the human race itself, and impresses those everlasting truths that have been handed down, unmarred and unstained, since the time when primitive man first tried to chisel his mental conceptions on tablets of stone. Should not the chisel be removed from all association with avarice and greed, and placed



# EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



## COMRADESHIP IN STRUGGLE

**W**HY sorrow? Why pain? Why unemployment? Why disaster? Why—if there is a God, an infinite, all-wise Creator who cares? Why the inequalities of life? Why the misfortune of the good and why the success of evil-doers?

Frankly, I do not have the answer to these questions, and humanly speaking, there is no satisfactory, no reconciling answer. There may be, for some, consolation in the thought that the simplest person can ask questions the wisest cannot answer. But consolation here, consolation for the one who stands in a position of intellectual and moral leadership, is not, nor should it be, the chief concern.

The great Horace Bushnell once said that some questions must be "hung up," and allowed to hang until eternity, when there will be time enough and wisdom enough to find the answers. Well and good. But in the meantime, what are we poor mortals to do? Where are we to find at least justification for keeping our heads up, our hearts resolute, and our souls on the march?

It is right here that for myself, at least, I have found the answer. God *is* great and God *is* good, God *is* all-wise, and He *does* care. But God has never promised us—any of us, not even the best and holiest among men, those to whom we lesser spirits look with admiration and even awe—God has never promised, I say, exemption from hardship. Rather He has promised quite the opposite. Again and again, from the first pages of sacred history, through all human experience, His prophets, the inspired voices of His plan, have made clear the inevitability of pain.

He promised Israel, Canaan. But between the chosen people and their heritage was a Red Sea, a wilderness, a Jordan out of its banks, and then, inch by inch, a conquest that exacted unspeakable suffering.

**N**O, WHAT men have called heaven's pleasure and the sign of divine approval have never carried with them exemption from hardship. Piety is no escape from the common ills of human kind. Righteousness is not an insurance policy against disillusionment or unemployment or death at last. God's promise is something higher, something immeasurably greater than exemption. It is comradeship—not exemption from hardship, but comradeship in struggle. "Be not afraid, I am with you," was the message of the prophet Isaiah to Israel in bondage long ago. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was the invitation of Jesus to a groping, grieving world. And "Lo, I am with you always, in all times, through all ordeals, unto the ends of the age," is His promise now to you and to me.

In the first period of the depression, a great financial figure in one of the countries affected lost all—not only wealth and property, but the confidence of his associates and the respect of his friends. Returning to his home after the final reckoning, he was confronted by his wife. For years they had lived apart as in different worlds. With something of his old manner he said, "My dear, everything is gone, the houses, the cars, the servants—everything. I shall give you your freedom."

And then something in her manner stopped him. For the first time in a decade he looked at her. What he saw overwhelmed him. What he heard started him on the road to recovery—moral recovery as well as financial. "John"—or whatever the name, for that doesn't matter—"John," she answered, "I am glad—glad they are all gone. I have not wanted *them*. Always I have wanted you and only you. These losses will be gifts. These sorrows will be joys. This defeat will be victory—joy and victory for me—if now I may have *you*!"

The hardest thing for human life to bear is not pain nor defeat, but loneliness.

The soul may rise from its Waterloo to an occasion of greater success and to the glory of fulfillment in the companionship of the One whose prophet declares, "Fear not, I am with you."

We shall pass through the flood—we cannot escape it. And the fire—there is no detour. But we shall not walk alone, nor shall we be overwhelmed by the waters or scorched by the flames, *if we trust*. In this is the answer to the eternal question "Why?" "Perfect through suffering," is the reason, and "My grace is sufficient for you," is the conclusion of the whole matter. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known." Here is for the marching soul, whatever the present inequalities and tortures of body or of spirit, here is journey's end with fulfillment and triumph.

DANIEL A. POLING

## Who Puts Bread on Your Table?

**F**IRST of all, the farmer is the most important worker in the world, because he is the man who grows wheat. But before he can grow wheat he must have somewhere to live, and the carpenter must build a house for the farmer. Therefore the carpenter helps to put the bread on your table.

But before the wheat can grow it must be sowed in ground that has been plowed. And the plow, whether tractor or the old plowshare, must have metal made of iron ore and that must be dug out of the ground by the miner. The miner of ore therefore helps to put the bread on your table.

But before the ore can be made into a plow it must go to the smelter and be forged into many forms by many processes, therefore the men who work in the smelter help to put bread on your table.

When the wheat is ripe and ready for harvest a twine binder or a combine must be used to cut it. Most of this twine is grown in Manila from hemp, and the Filipinos help to put the bread on your table.

But the combines and binders have to be carefully painted to make them durable; and therefore the painter helps to put the bread on your table. And paint is compounded from several materials like lead and oil and turpentine, and all the men who dig lead ore out of the ground and the men who tap the trees for turpentine help to put the bread on your table.

When the wheat is sent to market it goes to the elevator, which is made of concrete; and every man who helps to dig the material out of the ground from which concrete is made helps to put the bread on your table.

But before the wheat can be used for bread it must go from the elevator to the flour mill. And every person connected with the flour mill—which has many complicated bits of machinery to grind the wheat—has helped to put the bread on your table. And the sacks into which the flour is put are made of cloth which has been made in cloth mills; and every one who helps to make the cloth helps to put the wheat on your table.

But before the wheat can be moved from the elevator to the flour mill it must





## STATIC

be carried by the railroads, and railroads employ millions of men and women to make railroads go. Men and women in railroad offices and telegraph offices and railroad shops and repair shops and construction gangs and ticket offices and the men employed in furnishing the vast quantity of material that railroads must necessarily have to run a railroad—all these help to bring bread to your table.

And after the wheat has been ground into flour it must go to the baker. And the baker puts into the dough a number of materials, yeast and salt and honey and milk, and then the dough is put into specially made pans which the tinner has made; and the pans are put into specially made furnaces which are made by furnace men and the furnaces are heated with gas or electricity; and before the bread is ready to take out of the ovens or furnaces the baker and the tinsmith and the men who dig salt out of the earth and the men who furnish the gas and electricity have all helped to put the bread on your table.

But millions of loaves of bread are sold by the grocer; and before the grocer gets the bread to the housekeeper the loaves are wrapped in cellophane, which is a very peculiar material made by a very interesting process; and every one who helps to make cellophane helps to put the bread on your table. And in a multitude of cases the bread is brought from the grocer by the delivery boy, who brings it in an automobile; and the automobile industry with all its many employes and machine parts helps to bring the bread to your table.

But the housekeeper, whose name is Legion, has a part in seeing that the bread is put on the table; and the hired girl does her share to help put the bread on your table.

It is, therefore a wonderful fact that, beginning with the farmer, every human

being around the world has helped to put the bread on your table.

But wait a minute. We have not mentioned the most important factor without which no bread would ever be on your table.

What is that?

The wheat itself. No human being ever made a grain of wheat. Attempts have been made by the chemists to make synthetic wheat, but no one ever made a grain of real wheat that would sprout and grow.

And there is another factor. The soil. And by the way, who made the soil?

And another factor. Nature helps to put the bread on your table. For wheat must have sun and rain and heat and a number of things that only old Mother Nature can furnish. Without Mother Nature no bread would ever come to your table.

But we are not through yet. Where do the sun and the rain and the heat come from? And all the other elements that are necessary to grow wheat?

Across the front of the great Corn Exchange Building at the top of Ludgate Hill, London, are the words over the main entrance, "THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S AND THE FULNESS THERE-OF."

"Corn" is the English word for our American *wheat*. In other words, the first great reason why wheat or bread gets to our tables is the great first cause—Almighty God who made heaven and earth.

Therefore as we sit down to our tables to eat our bread, what more fitting than for old and young, fathers and mothers, and little children to say:

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for our daily bread." And may we add, "And we also thank all human workers all over the world for the bread on the table, for

every worker has helped to put it there, O Lord, the first great Worker of all. Amen."

CHARLES M. SHELDON

### *With A Pencil Stub*

A SWIRLING snowstorm rode down on the northeast wind last night; still snow falling—roads blotted out—the landscape curtained by wavering white.

The farmhouse, always cozy, seems doubly so as the snow falls, steadily shutting us in. The log fire in the deep stone fireplace—a wooden bowl of Spies—the dog sleeping on the big braided rug—the grandfather clock ticking steadily—the teakettle steaming away on the back of the kitchen range—the fragrance of a big crock of baked beans just out of the oven and covered with well browned pieces of salt pork; all these lend a touch of cozy cheer. The clothes-bar full of fresh-ironed clothes to show for the afternoon's work, as the men come stamping into the kitchen, shaking snow from their coats and caps to 'wash up' for supper.

The evening work over, and all settled down for a cheerful evening with a basket of mending and Henry and Nephew with their farm papers and books, thinking, "Blow high, blow low, not all your snow can quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow." When the telephone rings, and by Henry's conversation I know that the Doctor, on his way out to farthest, down-the-road neighbor's, is marooned in drifts. Soon the men are bundled up and on their way with shovels.

How the Drama of Life goes on—storm or shine—aided by neighborly kindness and the country doctor!

Outside the storm swirls on, the wind moans around the house and the fire dies down to glowing embers.

COUNTRY CONTRIB.





December, 1938

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

DECEMBER 1, 1938

### THE VULGAR STREAK

ABHOR THAT WHICH IS EVIL.  
READ ROMANS 12:1-21.

ARE those timeless essentials of the cultured life—Reticence, Refinement, Reverence and Religion—passing from the modern scene? Vulgarly seems to crop up everywhere. Last evening I read a sparkling travel book by a professor's wife, and ever and anon there was thrust into it a word, a phrase, an incident which a generation ago would have been impossible to a person of breeding. I think it was stupid of the writer, who, by her lapses into vulgarity, keeps fastidious folk from recommending her book. Yet it is listed by all the papers as a nation-wide best seller, and over 150,000 copies have been sold.

Clean speech is a New Testament requisite for Christians. They who have companied with Jesus contract His habit of gentle and pure conversation; and a love for all that is lofty and noble. "Thy speech betrayeth thee."

*From dirty minds and dirty bodies and dirty habits, good Lord, deliver us. May we keep ourselves pure in all our tastes and activities. Amen.*

DECEMBER 2, 1938

### THOUGHTS AND THINGS

WHEN I CONSIDER.  
READ PSALM 8.

THOUGHTS that come to travelers are more important than the things they see. Our attitude toward life means more than life's activities. Our lot may be narrow—but it reaches up to the skies. In the most circumscribed conditions it is possible to live the great life of the spirit. Indeed, it is probably the lowly and underprivileged persons to whom God is most real.

Often we are unable to change our circumstances; but we are always able to change our attitude towards them. The meanest place affords room for the noblest thoughts, and for the richest experiences of the spirit.

*Since our Saviour lived the greatest life in humblest surroundings, so would we, O Heavenly Father, find our present sphere adequate for imitation of Him. Amen.*

DECEMBER 3, 1938

### ANOTHER FRIEND IN HEAVEN

I SHALL GO TO HIM.  
READ II SAMUEL 12:15-23.

I WAS in the home of an old friend, who had died the night before, when a cultivated and charming neighbor entered. Her first words, as she clasped the widow's hand, were, "Well, now I have another friend in heaven. It seems as if I have more friends over there, waiting for me, than I have here."

Faith may flutter fantastically, in our days of strength and pride, but when we confront the great mystery of death, we return to the great simplicity taught by Jesus, that "In my Father's house are many abiding places," or, freely translated, "homes that never break up."

Heaven's reunions are one of earth's chief comforts and most blessed rewards.

*That we shall see Thee, our Saviour, and all the dear ones who have gone to be with Thee, sustains us in every hour of grief. Amen.*

DECEMBER 4, 1938

### "A TALKING ANIMAL"

ON THINGS ABOVE.  
READ COLOSSIANS 3:1-17.

FOR vivid and colorful phrases, one must go to the Orient. My Arab chauffeur was telling me of a peasant who had been shot by the British on suspicion that he was engaged in a plot. "Why, he was only a talking animal; nobody would share any secret with him, he was so stupid."

That phrase, "talking animal," persists. It describes a multitude of us who only work and eat and sleep, and give no exercise to our higher faculties. Our talk is parrot talk. We do not dream and aspire and strive. Our senses dominate us. We walk with the beasts of the fields, rather than soar with the sons of God.

Animals, as a rule, look down at the earth. Our ability to look upward, at the sky, distinguishes us from the beasts.

*Daily we would pray for the consciousness that we are sons of God. We would live in that family likeness, ever growing into the image of our Elder Brother Jesus. Amen.*

DECEMBER 5, 1938

### THE GREAT UNFAIRNESS

HOW LONG, O LORD?  
READ REVELATION 6:7-11.

SOMETHING primitive within me rose in protest whenever I watched the bombing planes soaring over Palestine. I have the same feeling as I read of the Japanese bombing in China. "It is not fair!" my spirit cries, as I consider how defenseless patriots are destroyed from the air, by machinery such as only rich and powerful nations can possess.

How can He tolerate such injustice? We are thrown back upon our deepest conviction, that His ways are always good, even though they need for their working out a period longer than our reckoning. In His own fashion, and in His own time, God will establish justice and brotherhood amongst men.

*Our hearts cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" as we behold the evil in the world. Yet we know that even our thin and transitory concern is one evidence that Thou art moving upon the hearts of men. Amen.*

DECEMBER 6, 1938

### DOCKY AS IMPRESARIO

SEEKETH NOT HER OWN.  
READ I CORINTHIANS 13.

WHEN the grandparents arrived for a visit, Deborah and Docky wanted to put on a show for them. So the fire screen became a stage curtain, from behind which Docky came to announce the performances of the star artist, his big sister. He was content, like John the Baptist, to be a mere announcer of another's worth.

In second place, he himself functioned in first-class fashion. Thus early has he learned that not all of us can be performers on the center of a stage; some must be preparers and heralds. The many make pulpits where the few may preach.

What counts is not whether ours is a first or a secondary place in life; but only how we do our part.

*Teach us, dear Lord, to be "content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified." May we never be discontented with our tasks, but ever dissatisfied with our doing of them. Amen.*



DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

DECEMBER 7, 1938

TWO AT THE PYRAMIDS  
I HAVE LEARNED . . . TO BE CONTENT.  
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:1-13.

TWO friends returned from the pyramids one day, to report to me at Shepheard's Hotel. One was full of grumbles, at the tour manager, at the guides, at the Arabs, at the camels. Nothing had been right.

The other, who had been on the same trip, was all aglow over the greatness of the experience, a high hour in her life, over which she could not be too enthusiastic.

Both of these friends live life in these respective moods, and even their faces show it. One has the gift of gratitude and appreciation; so all her days are filled with new reasons for happiness.

*We pray for the grace of appreciation and gratitude, dear Lord; that the joy of Jesus may abound in our lives. Amen.*

DECEMBER 8, 1938

THE ARAB'S FLUTE  
THY FATHER WHICH SEETH IN SECRET.  
READ MATTHEW 6:1-16.

OCCASIONALLY, of an evening, while sojourning at Tabgha, on the Lake of Galilee, we heard the sweet strains of a fisher boy's flute. Then, as we walked along the shore in the twilight, we met the lad face to face; and he paused directly in front of us, performing for backsheesh. That formal exhibition somehow lacked the savor of the music we had heard from a distance.

After all, it is not the self-conscious good deeds that we do, our staged performances, that represent our life so truly as the unpremeditated and unwitting expressions of our personality. Virtue, at its best and mightiest, is unconscious. The sweetest music of our characters is made when we do not know that anybody is listening.

*In self-forgetfulness, our Father, we would go our daily way, heedful only of "the Father who seeth in secret." Amen.*

DECEMBER 9, 1938

THE ESSENTIAL SIGNATURE  
WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?  
READ ACTS 16:25-34.

OUR pastor quoted, last Sunday, a scene from the motion picture, "Lightnin'," wherein the rather shiftless old soldier displayed his pension check, saying, "This check is signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and has the name of the President on it; and it is backed by all the millions in the Treasury. But it ain't worth a penny until I sign it myself." The pastor's comment was, "So it is with the priceless gifts of God: life, love, laughter and salvation. They will not be worth a penny until signed by our own indispensable name."

Thus God crowns man. He must assent and accept. The Father insists upon this partnership with His children, in proof that they are sons, and not slaves.

*Thou hast set us in a large room and in a high place, O Lord; in that we must cooperate with Thee in all Thy plans for us. Amen.*

DECEMBER 10, 1938

SOUR  
WITH GOOD WILL DOING SERVICE.  
READ EPHESIANS 6:1-12.

I HAVE had to do with a wonderful workman—strong, skilled and sedulous. But he is sour. His disposition is suspicious and saturnine. He habitually thinks ill of others, rather than good. He is a chronic worrier. His whole outlook upon life is dark.

The effect of this morbid tendency upon his usefulness as a worker is great. It affects his employers and his associates. In a large sense, it impairs his usefulness, not to speak of his own happiness.

Do we not all underrate Christian joy as an asset in living? The Christian is bidden, unconditionally, to rejoice at all times and in all things. There is profound significance in the truth that the joy of the Lord is our strength.

*To Thee, O Christ, bringer of joy that surmounts all conditions, we give thanks for this sustaining, strengthening gift.*

DECEMBER 11, 1938

THE STRONG, SILENT MAN  
IN QUIETNESS AND IN CONFIDENCE.  
READ ISAIAH 30:8-18.

ONE of my traveling companions this year was a quiet, pleasant man, slow to make acquaintances, but rewarding when known. It was weeks before I learned that he was a high executive in one of America's leading corporations. Beneath all his quietness lay power and knowledge.

I contrasted him with the show-window men on the ship, assertive, talkative and inclined to strut. Once again I seemed to hear the old Scriptural admonition, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Fussy saints are an anomaly. Restraint and restfulness are brand-marks of those who have walked with the imperturbable Nazarene.

*Deliver us, dear Father, from wordiness and fussiness and excitability. May we be strong in the Lord, because we rest quietly in Him. Amen.*

DECEMBER 12, 1938

LANDLUBBER DUCKS  
WALK IN THE SPIRIT.  
READ GALATIANS 5:13-26.

AT EASTER, Deborah and Docky were each given a baby duck. These

survived strenuous and affectionate handling, and continued to grow, always apart from water. When the family came to Canada, the ducks were given to friends who had a lake on their place.

But the ducks were afraid of the water! They had to be forced in again and again before they learned that water is their natural element. Now they swim more than they walk.

Man's natural element is spiritual. We were made to move in the waters of soul-experience. A sense of God, and of divine destiny, is the human heritage. Still, most of us waddle along earthily, until a Providence throws us into our proper element. Then we discover the new freedom and power and peace of the life of the spirit.

*We want to find our best selves, and our real life, in Thee, our Father. Save us from all limiting worldliness, that we may be free and strong in God. Amen.*

DECEMBER 13, 1938

THOSE KINDLY ARABS  
THE WISDOM THAT IS FROM ABOVE.  
READ JAMES 3:13-18.

WHILE the world argues, with much heat and little light, over the Arab-Jewish question, I find my thoughts turning to a simple factor which has helped make the American and British residents of Palestine partisans of the Arabs.

This is the simple, human friendliness of the Arabs. They are kindly and courteous and cheerful, ready to answer any question or do any service. They are affable folk.

By the simple art of being kind they have won friends and advocates. This old world sorely needs, and responds to, the sort of kindness which was best exemplified by the Holy Land's greatest Citizen.

*Teach us, O patient Father, the gentle art of simple friendliness toward all the other lives that we daily touch. Amen.*

DECEMBER 14, 1938

NATIONAL REDEDICATION  
THE KINGDOM IS THE LORD'S.  
READ PSALM 22:27-31.

I WONDER how many families and churches and other organizations are planning to observe National Rededication Day tomorrow. The idea is a good one. It calls for a fresh confrontation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. It is designed to be a reaffirmation of faith in God, faith in America, faith in man, faith in liberty.

Sober thinking upon great themes—especially upon those sublime truths which are commonly taken for granted—is sure to lead one back to God, the Author of our liberties, Whose truth sets men free and establishes their right relations to one another.

At least, a private meditation upon

*(Continued on page 66)*



# HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

*Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR*

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Home and Church. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life



Molasses gingerbread goes to a church supper with a hood of peppermint stick-candy cream



Molasses gives an old-time goodness to these taffy bites, chocolate caramels and walnut squares

## Foods for Memories Sake

Here are new ways with old Christmas favorites for the home table and the good-to-eat gift box



HOW we like to look back when this time of year rolls around! We like to remember other trees that to our childish eyes seemed laden with splendor. We like to recall the feasts of other days. Christmas brings good old-fashioned sentiment into its own. New-fangled dishes, no matter how alluring, are not for the Christmas holidays. They are not for the little box you pack for friends, and pack for memory's sake.

Take molasses, that veteran seasoning dating back to covered wagon days, and use it in taffy, in molasses walnut squares, in chocolate caramels. Molasses lends its fragrance and blends well with many foods. Light golden syrup with a rich flavor is best for cakes and cookies. The dark molasses with a definite strong flavor is the favorite for dark fruit-cakes, for suet puddings and for sauces. Molasses calls for spice, for butter thrown in with a generous hand, for raisins and for nuts—four reasons why molasses recipes take preference when we prepare the holiday foods. Here are three molasses candy recipes to give old time flavor to the gift box. If there is to be a church supper around the holidays an inexpensive dessert would be this molasses gingerbread topped off with peppermint cream.

### MOLASSES TAFFY

2 cups pure New Orleans molasses	2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar	1 tablespoon vinegar
	Flavor if desired

Place ingredients in a granite kettle and boil to 260° F. or until a little of the mixture dropped in cold water becomes brittle. Pour into a buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until a light color and hard. Butter the hands before pulling. Approximate yield about ½ pound.

### CHOCOLATE CARAMEL

4 squares grated chocolate	leaves molasses
2 cups brown sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1 cup cream or milk	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup white sugar	2 tablespoons butter
½ cup pure New Orleans molasses	½ teaspoon salt
	1 cup nuts

Mix chocolate, sugar, cream and molasses and cook until it reaches the firm ball stage. Remove from the fire and add soda, vanilla, butter, salt and nuts. Stir constantly and fast while it thickens. Pour into greased platters and cut in squares when cool. Approximate yield, 1½ pounds.

### MOLASSES WALNUT SQUARES

2 tablespoons butter	½ cup sugar
1 cup pure New Orleans molasses	½ cup walnut meats
	Few grains salt

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the molasses and sugar. Stir until boiling starts and again as mixture begins to get thick. Boil to 250° F. or until a drop in cold water forms a hard ball. Add walnut meats sprinkled lightly with salt. Pour into a well-buttered pan, cool slightly and mark in small squares. Approximate yield, 15 pieces each about 1½ inches square.

(Turn to next page)



Cranberry cookies carry the Christmas color scheme in red and white. Pass them with tea, pack them into cookie gift jars



Ring molds are attractive for the plum pudding, allowing room for the butter sauce to pile up the middle, high



GINGERBREAD WITH PEPPERMINT CREAM

¾ cup shortening	1 teaspoon ginger
½ cup sugar	½ teaspoon cloves
1 egg, well beaten	½ teaspoon salt
2½ cups flour	1 cup pure New Orleans molasses
1½ teaspoons soda	1 cup hot water
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, well beaten. Measure and sift together flour, soda, cinnamon, ginger, cloves and salt. Combine molasses and hot water. Add to first mixture the dry ingredients alternately with liquid, a little at a time; beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in paper-lined pan 9 x 9 x 2 in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serve with Peppermint Cream. Approximate yield, 16 portions.

PEPPERMINT CREAM

4 sticks peppermint candy	1 cup cream
2 tablespoons confec-	tioner's sugar

Crush peppermint candy and add, with sugar, to cream whipped stiff.

There have always been figs for the Christmas season. For holiday teas why not make a fig loaf cake?

FIG LOAF CAKE

1 cup dried figs	1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup fat	4 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup granulated sugar	½ teaspoon maple flavoring
2 eggs	
¾ cup milk	
¾ cup flour, sifted	

Pour boiling water over figs, cover and let stand 5 minutes. Drain, dry on a towel, clip stems and slice fine. Cream fat and sugar thoroughly. Add beaten eggs and mix. Add milk alternately with flour sifted with salt and baking powder, and beat. Add flavoring and figs and stir to blend. Pour into a paper-lined loaf pan (about 10 x 5 x 3½ inches). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) one hour and 20 minutes.

Cranberries were served with the wild turkey at the first Thanksgiving feast. Ever since, the cranberry has been the traditional relish to serve with the noble bird at any festive dinner. Always in America the cranberry has appeared on the Christmas board. It belongs there by habit and precedent. Here we use cranberries with crushed pineapple in a relish to pass at the home table or jar for giving. Cranberry-filled cookies are as jolly as Santa.

PINEAPPLE CRANBERRY CONSERVE

2 cups canned crushed pineapple (drained)	½ cup seedless raisins
2 cups liquid (use juice from pineapple, add water to make 2 cups)	2 oranges, pulp and juice
2 cups granulated sugar	Grated rind of 1 orange
1 pound cranberries (4 cups)	½ cup blanched almonds or chopped walnuts

Combine sugar and liquid, cook over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Add the cranberries, bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Add pineapple, oranges, raisins. Cook for about 7 minutes, or until thick. Add nuts and seal in sterilized glasses. Pass this conserve with fowl, ham, or cold meats. Also good with cream cheese as a happy ending to the meal.

CRANBERRY COOKIES

¾ cup shortening	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar	½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg, well beaten	1 cup cranberry sauce, drained of juice
2 cups flour	
1 teaspoon baking powder	

(Turn to next page)

IT'S O.K. MARY- THE JOB'S MINE

OH, JOHN! IT'S NO WONDER YOU GOT IT- WHY YOU SEEM LOADS YOUNGER THAN YOU DID 3 MONTHS AGO

### Two Secrets You Should Know of Feeling Younger AFTER 40

1. Get every day a good supply of extra vitamins

2. Step up your digestion

People after 40 need certain vitamins just as much as children do—but many fail to get enough of them. And poorer digestion—a common after-40 trouble—may slow you down. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing their full good.

There is a tonic food that gives help for both these after-40 needs

—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It gives rich amounts of 4 needed vitamins. More than this, it acts like a "booster" for these vitamins. It helps to increase the digestive action. Your body can then take up the vitamins faster and more fully, and you get more out of them.

Just eat Fleischmann's Yeast ½ hour before meals every day—plain or dissolved in a little water. Keep this up faithfully and see if you don't feel younger and better than in years.

**Fleischmann's Yeast helps many "After 40's" Feel Younger**

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THIS YEAR - SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS WITH MY COOKIE DOLLS

—says BRER RABBIT



### BRER RABBIT COOKIE DOLLS

Mix ¾ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses with ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg and ½ cup melted shortening. Sift together 2½ cups flour, 3 tsps. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. cinnamon and ¼ tsp. cloves. Add to first mixture to make a soft dough. Chill one hour. Roll on floured board and cut with floured cutters. For eyes, nose, mouth and buttons, use small raisins. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 12 minutes. Makes 18 dolls 4 inches high. If no cutters are available, flour hands well and shape dough into balls for heads and bodies, and little rolls for arms and legs. Then flatten the balls and rolls and join by pressing edges of dough together.

TEMPTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS come from the kitchen. These spicy, fragrant Cookie Dolls are inexpensive, too. But remember—for the real, old-plantation flavor everybody loves, you need Brer Rabbit Molasses. It's made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane.



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(\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

**KOTEX\***  
SANITARY NAPKINS

(Continued from page 45)

Cream shortening and sugar together, add egg, dry ingredients, and vanilla. Chill dough. Roll out very thin, shape with round cutter. Place 1 tablespoon cranberry sauce on half the rounds, top with remaining rounds with centers removed. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 10-15 minutes.

There was an old tradition in England that, with their rich store of spice, mince pies symbolized the first Christmas gift of the Wise Men. Several centuries ago, to carry out this tradition, the Christmas mince pie was baked in a crust shaped like a cradle or manger. Once mincemeat was no matter of moments in the grocery store. It was chop, chop, chopping of a mountain of fruits. An old mince pie recipe calls for a "bushel of flour," the other ingredients in keeping. Today we buy our mincemeat in jars ready for the pie, or choose that most economical pack, of mincemeat partially dehydrated or condensed. This process makes it keep indefinitely under refrigeration and makes the cost of packaging small indeed. With the addition of water one small package makes filling for a standard pie. Mincemeat has innumerable uses in holiday fare. We like it in this novel marmalade:

#### MINCEMEAT MARMALADE

1 (9 oz.) dry packaged mincemeat	1 cup walnut meats
1 3/4 cups water	3 1/2 cups sugar
1 lemon	1 cup liquid pectin

Boil mincemeat in water for two minutes, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and coarsely chopped walnut meats. Measure 2 level cups of this mixture into a

large saucepan adding water to fill the third cup if necessary. Add sugar, bring to boil and boil gently for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Let stand five minutes. Stir occasionally. This prevents fruit from floating.

Pour into glasses. Cover at once with a coating of paraffin. Seal again when cold. This marmalade may be used for pie by simply crushing with a fork. Peanuts may be used instead of walnuts.

If you are a traditionalist, the holiday pudding will be the grand finale of the Christmas meal. The traditionalist, you know, prefers his Santas fat, not streamlined; thinks red and green should be the Christmas colors instead of blue and silver; and likes his pudding plum full of plums and the hard sauce spread on thick. Here is pudding to your heart's desire:

#### PLUM PUDDING

1/2 cup fine crumbs	1/2 pound seedless raisins
1 cup hot milk	1/4 pound dried currants
4 eggs	1/4 pound chopped figs
1/4 cup sugar	2 ounces citron, minced
1/2 pound beef suet, minced	1/4 cup chopped candied cherries
3/4 cup sifted flour	2 ounces chopped candied orangepeel
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup chopped walnuts
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg	1/2 cup grape or cranberry juice
1/4 teaspoon mace	
1/4 teaspoon cloves	
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon	

Combine crumbs and milk and allow to stand 10 minutes. Beat eggs and sugar until light. Add suet. Mix and sift dry ingredients and combine with fruit and nuts. Mix all ingredients thoroughly, adding liquid last. Turn into a well greased mold. Cover tightly and steam 3 1/2 hours. Approximate yield: 1 (3 pound) plum pudding.

(Continued from page 20)

Senator asked Vice-President Marshall if he had any idea which place Teddy had gone; to which the Indiana statesman replied, "I haven't any idea where he went, but I know that business picked up as soon as he got there."

Business picked up in the Metropolitan Church Federation when Johnson moved in. There is something about the man that makes it hard for other preachers to be jealous of him. His great crowds, his popularity in the luncheon clubs, his money-raising ability, all arouse the admiration of his brethren, never their envy. It is hard to explain unless one goes back to Coal Creek, back to that mountain life which has given us so many lovable characters, so many leaders like Sergeant York, Charles M. Alexander, Homer A. Rodeheaver, and Oscar Johnson.

Johnson became popular overnight at the clubs, in 1931. He was the best storyteller they had heard since Mark Twain. Rotarians, Lions, and Kiwanians usually invite new preachers for a speech or two, but in St. Louis the Third Church pastor has been going back seven years until that part of his service to the city has become a distinct and useful ministry. He makes them laugh, but he also tells them what time the boat leaves. Men who hadn't been to church for years started in again when Johnson began putting club and lodge members in their places on Sunday morning. Usually they went back to their own churches and told their pastors

they had been derelict in their duty and were ready for service above self, as they had been taught in the clubs.

Just how Johnson can move the Chamber of Commerce to declare war on bootleggers on Saturday and then preach to two audiences of 1,800 each on Sunday hasn't yet been figured out by his ministerial colleagues, much as they esteem him and follow his leadership in matters that concern all the churches. (He was president of the Metropolitan Church Federation in 1936 and 1937.) Maybe he can explain it better than they, for this is what he said:

"When the church ceases to be evangelistic it ceases to be a first class social institution, and then it isn't as good as a Masonic lodge or Kiwanis club. It has abandoned the thing it was commissioned to do. The church is the only institution on earth through which the Master may speak. Many churches that have been abandoned would be alive today if they had kept up evangelism. By it alone can they be reopened. Every pastor ought to be an evangelist. In my twenty-seven years in the pastorate I haven't had the help of more than half a dozen evangelists.

"I think the church dabbled too much in economics and industrial problems during the past two or three decades. Somehow the preacher thought that if he could use some terms from those fields, his congregation would look upon him as being informed. What they wanted was a pastor who could tell them about his ex-



perience with God. They wanted a man who was an expert on matters of the soul. Most audiences know more about economics and industrial questions than the ministers, so the boys found their churches empty."

A columnist called him "The Sage of Grand Avenue." It is doubtful if he cares for that title. He said he liked the Kiwanis club because they call him Oscar, and he was emphatic in frowning on such handles as "Reverend" and "Man of the Cloth."

"I don't like anything," he explained, "that is going to separate me from the common people who may need my help. I have D.D. degrees from two colleges, but they have never been used on my stationery—they are brand new."

As one looks across a broad desk into the face of this man, so big, so kind, so childlike in his faith in Christ, it is to thank God that we still have strong men in the ministry, men to whom the strongest and best men of the city can look up to and have faith in their sincerity. He deals in no delusions of grandeur. It is reassuring to hear him talk of plans for a greater Third Church.

"You see we are in the midst of a needy community. Our officers are looking now for some vacant store rooms where we may conduct Sunday School classes for poor folk who may not feel that they are dressed well enough to come to church. I think the church made a mistake when it abandoned the needy and left them to be cared for by fraternal organizations and community chests.

"We hope to have a membership of 7,000 and a Sunday School of 3,000, with everybody busy. We have three choirs now with 175 singers, but I want six or seven. We are starting an orchestra. We have no plans for an office building on this corner. It will be a five-story Sunday School plant."

When the new year of 1931 came in, and brought with it the man who had been voted the most useful citizen of Tacoma, old Third Church had 3,000 names on the roll, and a debt of \$20,000 for current expenses. Today there are 4,800 active members. Oscar Johnson has received more than 3,000 new members in seven years; all debts are paid; and there is a cash fund of \$70,000 in the bank toward a new \$400,000 Sunday School plant. Each Sunday the sermons are broadcast over radio stations WIL and WTMV. The "Standing Room Only" sign is in evidence every Sunday.

Third Church is affiliated with both the Northern and Southern Baptist conventions. When Oscar Johnson was elected to head the Northern body in 1932, it was the first time any pastor of this church had ever received that honor. Since he is a Southern man, an alumnus of one of the Southern seminaries, and widely known throughout the Southland, it is not too much to predict that at some future convention his Southern brethren will call him to the chair. If that should occur, he would be the only man in history to have occupied both presidential offices. There are Baptist pastors who believe that here lies Oscar Johnson's greatest service to his church. More than any other man, they say, he is the "tie that binds" the two largest Baptist groups which were separated by the Civil War.

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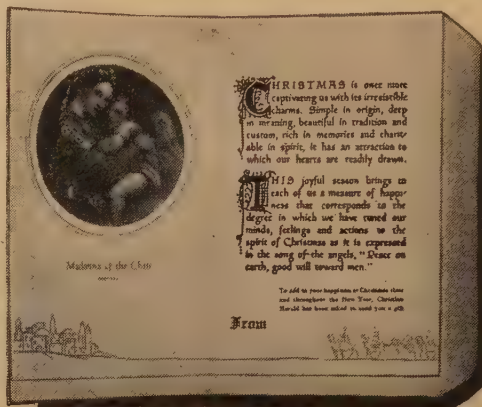
(Continued from page 17)

worked my idea up into a series of strips that, after rejecting dozens of titles, I finally decided to call ‘Telling Tommy.’ With feelings mingled with joy and trepidation I nervously fixed up the batch of drawings and mailed them to a syndicate, that I thought might give them friendly consideration, and then, like a little boy waiting for Santa Claus, I anxiously watched the mails every day for the verdict. Imagine my surprise when I received a telegram, about ten days later, advising me that the strip had been accepted, and requesting an additional two weeks’ supply at once. That was the day that I went to work in earnest, and I have been at it ever since.

“The *Boston Transcript*, as I recall, was the first big daily to use my strip, but since that time *Tommy* has grown to be a worldwide feature. Today this strip is printed in nine languages and appears in daily newspapers throughout the United States, as well as Canada; it is also printed in newspapers in Trinidad, South America, Europe, and Africa.”

“How do you manage to find the material for these daily strips,” I asked, “and how do you go about working up your ideas into drawings?”

“Everywhere I go,” he replied seriously, “I am constantly on the lookout for material for ‘Tommy.’ You might be surprised to learn what interesting facts can sometimes be discovered in the most unusual places. One day, some years ago, I dropped into a dentist’s office in Miami, Florida, with an aching molar. Instead of bringing out his usual instruments of torture, to my surprise, he pulled out a drawer in a cabinet and handed me several shells and said: ‘Do you know what these are? You had a strip about them not long ago.’ I recognized them as tree snails, as I had drawn several in a strip about the Hawaiian Islands. ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘but I thought they were found only in the Hawaiian Islands.’ He told me that they were found also in the hammocks around Miami, in the Everglades and on the Florida Keys. The next day I had the pleasure of meeting the man who discovered and named the Florida tree snails—the late Charles Torrey Simpson.



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“I soon learned, when I began drawing this educational strip, that I had to be extremely careful about every statement that I made in connection with any subject that I might happen to use. If I should get my facts wrong, or make any kind of mistake in a strip, the postman would probably bring me a stack of letters from persons all the way from Alaska to Cape Town calling my attention to the error. I learned, by painful experience, that I had to be certain that my sources of information were reliable. Because of the necessity for accurate information about all kinds of subjects I have gradually accumulated a library of hundreds of volumes of reference books on just about every subject under the sun. I also use the public library extensively, as

well as some well stocked libraries of friends, who have generously offered me this privilege. On a few occasions I have had to make use of the Library of Congress, in Washington, D. C.

“In one of my strips recently I found that I needed some information that I was unable to obtain elsewhere, so I visited a convent and was graciously furnished all the facts that I needed. Once, while visiting my mother on the old farm in Pennsylvania, I was browsing through her magazines one day and discovered in *Christian Herald* an idea that I worked up into a strip on the flowers of the Bible.

“I am careful never to let an idea that might possibly be used in ‘Telling Tommy’ slip away from me. If I happen to wake in the middle of the night with an idea that seems good, I get up then and there and write it out, and the next morning I carefully file it away for future

reference. Once I have decided upon a subject, my next big task is to hunt through the pages of encyclopedias, histories, biographies, books of travel, scientific treatises, and often the Bible, until I have found every interesting fact possible in connection with my subject; and then the final stupendous job is that of condensing these interesting facts into not more than two hundred words—often less.”

Opening a drawer in his desk he took from it a loose-leaf book and placed it open upon the desk. “Here,” he said, “are my subjects, all listed in their proper order, for the next three months. While



I am working these up into drawings I will be busy looking up new subjects and cataloguing them for the months ahead; you see," he added, "I always have to keep from three to six weeks ahead with my drawings in order to be on time."

It was at this point in our conversation that the artist's charming wife and painstaking helper entered the studio. Pointing to a large drawing in color, that was spread out on a drawing board on a table nearby, at which I had already been casting furtive glances, she said: "That is Paul's pet inspiration—get him to tell you about it."

"Sure," he chuckled with boyish enthusiasm: "that's my 'Telling Tommy Traffic Game.' All of those lines represent streets and avenues, and there are stop lights, one-way drives, filling stations, and everything imaginable that the motorists would encounter in a busy city. When I have completed it I believe I will have a game that is entertaining, practical, and instructive; and the kiddies, as well as adults, should derive both fun and profit from playing it." Then with a note of serious concern in his voice he continued, "Our annual toll of traffic fatalities has grown to be an alarming problem, and this game is to be 'Tommy's' contribution to the national safety campaign."

Mr. and Mrs. Pim have no children of their own, but on the broad green lawn that surrounds their simple little home and studio, in Forest Park, Birmingham, Alabama, dozens of beautiful children often play rollicking games, and frequently the father of "Telling Tommy" lays down his pens and brushes to seek inspiration from this happy group of youngsters.

Here is an artist who discovered his life work, possibly through divine guidance, and is today supremely happy in it because he sincerely believes that his work is both wholesome and constructive. In the production of the strip "Telling Tommy," he has set for himself the highest possible standard of excellence: *it must be entertaining, educational, clean, and correct.*

When we see so many newspaper comics that are sadly lacking in these points of excellence, it is all too apparent that many of our popular newspaper artists are failing to recognize the grave responsibility that they owe to the generation of boys and girls today, who are growing up to become the stalwart leaders, or destructive criminals, of tomorrow, according to the kind of training they are receiving. The Master, we must remember, spoke some very strong words of denunciation against those who might be guilty of leading the innocent feet of childhood down the path of sin and error, when He said:

"It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

I was happy to discover that the man who draws "Telling Tommy" needs no Legion of Decency to censor his work, for he found his inspiration in a holy place and he does not intend to desecrate it.

AMONG THE BUILDINGS selected by the Historic American Buildings Survey as possessing historic or architectural interest is the Federated Church at Rockton, Illinois. For the benefit of future generations, a record of its appearance has been deposited in the Library of Congress.



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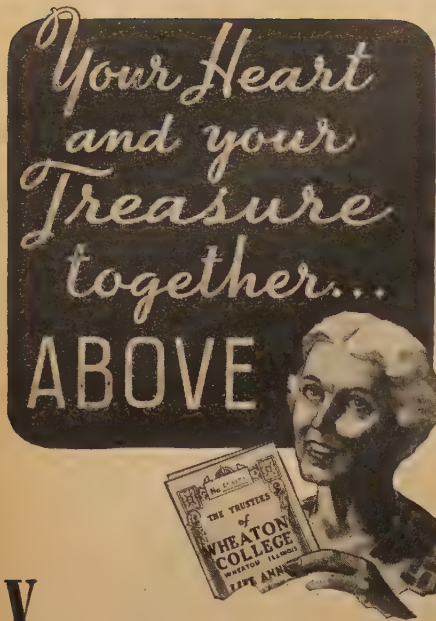
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(Continued from page 15)



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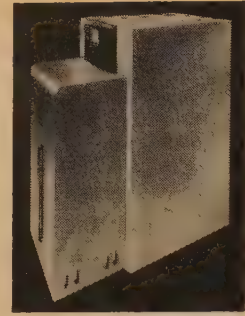
If survivor—Birth date .....

hope the Galilean set burning shall never die. There is even now and then a Christian who dares to cry, 'I believe!' not in the safe precincts of a church, but out in the jostling market place, or even in the jostling pages of a modern magazine. This, then, is what one Christian holds true of our faith and of our Christmas.

There once flashed across history a man who remains inexplicable. In nineteen centuries we have advanced hardly a foot's length in understanding him. In some mysterious way he continues within hand's reach of every one of us, still challenging. But we always crucify him for saying, 'Follow me!' Because his hand points a way we dare not follow, we drive a nail through it; we each pound through that flesh our own particular spike of disbelief and abhorrence. We hate this Jesus above all because we know he always forgives us. Incessantly he is strung up on a cross solely because he is kind. For we are all afraid to be kind. We are still beasts only just emerging from the clay out of which God would create us men if we dared let him. Once God set before us an Example for our self-creation, but the chief use we have made of Jesus of Nazareth is to keep him somewhere within our souls so that we may freely spit upon him while we continue to do safe obeisance to Herod and to Pilate. The worst thing we have ever done to Jesus is to call ourselves Christian, for thus we have crucified him again, while we went about our business of inventing better and better bombs to kill babies.

Still there have always been some who perceived the light from the East, and feebly enough have tried to follow it; though it has never been—not yet—a child that we followed, but a man. Just as for the ancient world, so for us, the news to clutch our fainting hearts was not that a mysterious baby was once born into the world, but that a yet more mysterious man is still in it. This curious motive-doctrine of our religion is still called, for lack of a more blazing word, the Resurrection. It was not the coming into life but the return from death that first gripped with hope the slaves and the wharf rats and the fearless-eyed fishermen who met the night in little boats.

For decade after decade the new religion had no Christmas, but rather a cross for its enlightening. In some strange way, however, the need was coming not merely for the austere tapers of the catacombs, but for the ruddy candles of home. People began to ask for fuller knowledge of their Hero than his death and his return. Where had he been born and how, this so human God of theirs? Search must have begun. It was Luke that found some source whose ancient Aramaic origin is suggested by the archaic forms chosen by his gifted pen in its translation into Greek. So it came about that the early church now began to add to its teaching of the harsh cruelty of the Crucifixion and of the mystic wonder of the Resurrection a humbler, homelier story. Converts now began to hear of the awed approach of shepherds to a baby in a manger, and of camels from afar bringing wise men to worship. Gent-



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ly all liturgy grew sweet with those ancient Christmas chants, and every year people found themselves harkening to a strange new promise sung down from the sky to listening men on earth.

Yet I seem to hear still sounding that persistent query: 'But do you, a modern woman called Christian, do you really believe all this Christmas story, or any of it?' And my answer is Yes—and no. Yes, I believe the Christmas narrative has become so blazoned upon our imaginations, so carved into our aspiring souls, so knit into the warp and woof of all our idealism, that if it were somehow wrenched from our being we should be crippled forever in our blind upward climb. There are some things truer than truth, and of these things I believe the angels singing 'In excelsis' is one. Did actual Magi once travel from their far high palaces to offer gifts to a newborn child? I do not know; but I do know actual wise men of to-day who journey from the far places of the intellect humbly to bow before the King of the King of the Jews. Every year I gaze at a picture sacred with unguessed hope—a radiant baby, cradled, and bending over him a mother spent yet adoring, and a man kneeling close beside to protect this most mysterious gift from God. Lightly enough we call this picture the Holy Family, not always perceiving its promise, that one day all the families of the earth shall become holy. Yes, I believe the Christmas truth that one day men shall arise in the might of kindness, casting from them forever the beast.

For me, the more I study the man of

## A GOOD NEIGHBOR CRUISE

IT has long been the belief of *Christian Herald* that the future of the United States is becoming more and more dependent upon our relation with the great Republics to the South. We feel that it has become a veritable duty for our citizens who can afford to do so, to visit South America.

Because of the many letters we have received from our readers, suggesting that we organize an all-expense Good Neighbor Cruise to South America, we have decided to go ahead.

Our party will sail from New York on the American Republic Liner "Brazil" February 11th, 1939, returning to New York March 27th. Among the cities visited will be Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

An optional return trip through Chile and up the west coast of South America, touching Peru, Ecuador, Columbia Canal Zone and Cuba, and also arriving in New York on March 27th, has been arranged.

For further details write

Christian Herald Travel Bureau,  
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mystery, from birth to death, the more the word Incarnation has come to signify not a doctrine but a daily adventure. The little child entrusted to Mary and Joseph grew to be a man known to the world as Jesus of Nazareth. It was, I believe, the function of this Jesus to reveal the steps by which we climb from

the beast within us to the God within us. Because I have seen God born in a stable, wrapped in everyday swaddling bands, surrounded by familiar ox and ass and sheep, tended by a village man and woman, welcomed by shaggy-clad Judean shepherds fresh from their stony pastures—because of this I see in the Incarnation the seeding of all the commonplace by the divine. I perceive a new splendor in every doorsill because the Carpenter was always passing in and out of everyday doors—and is still passing.

Because it is so easy for me to behold the baby of Bethlehem grown into a man who would join in every earth-made joy, who would light the candles and lead the carols, because I see always his earth-presence in all our merriment, it is easy enough for me to delight in the aspects of our Christmas that have nothing to do with sacred story. In fact, I cannot for my life understand how anyone who has ever tried to follow the Incarnation of Jesus can ever again distinguish between the sacred and the secular.

I believe this Jesus of Nazareth, who wore our flesh often so joyously, who went to weddings and feasts, who watched the children playing in the market place and knew by heart their lilting rhymes, this Jesus who had watched a worn hand patch a worn coat, who had perhaps himself helped tread the grapes in some upland vineyard, who had perhaps himself broken a glowing lily to brighten some despairing home, who had yearned to gather all his murderous Jerusalem to

(Turn to next page)

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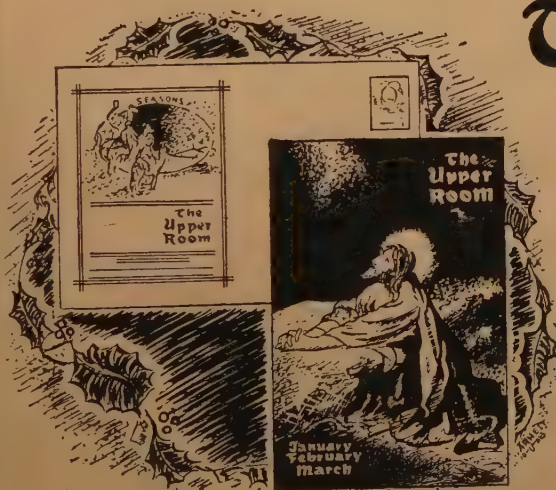
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(Continued from page 51)

the safe home-place of his heart even as a hen gathers her brood beneath her wings—I believe this same Jesus stands gazing in at all our Christmas trees and at the children dancing around them, and laughs with them his laughter that shall one day ring victorious down all the dark ages. Of all his strange sayings that have been preserved to us the strangest is 'My joy I leave with you,' spoken to his friends on the blackest evening of his life.

I believe Jesus of Nazareth every year takes delight in our Christmas candles and joins the young carolers who of late have begun to sing beneath the windows of hospitals and of jails. Surely he must love the red holly even as he loved the whitening barley of his own Palestinian fields. He takes pleasure in our bright wreaths, and our laden tables and our gift-giving, and our journeying from far places to be at home on Christmas. It is recorded of him that he sweated blood at the thought of leaving this earth whose joys we hold so cheap that on only one day of all the year do we dare to be utterly glad and utterly kind.

(Continued from page 37)

afternoon, with apologies, like guests who are ashamed of using you for an inn but who do so, anyhow! Paris looked a little shabby, too, but of a most intriguing shabbiness. Paul, casting an American eye on the storied spot, said Paris was nuts and urges us on our way southeast to Geneva.

Geneva was where my eyes were set. I wanted to see the home of the League of Nations and pay homage to its grave. So south and south we whirled, through more small, shabby towns which, however, showed us now and again, the most lovely old city gates, or church spires, or turreted chateaux. And always the harvest fields. We stopped the night in one of the little towns where the small hotel was excellent, then on, still southing, to the Jura mountains. Lovely, suave green mountains, with upland pastures where cowbells tinkled and where the air was cold and clear and sweet. The Juras had been less than a name to me, and here of a sudden, I was standing on their crest, realizing that they formed the frontier between France and Switzerland. These boys, who herded the white cattle, these farms, these vineyards, these forests of spruce were adding to my mental picture of Europe, bring it within the reach of my understanding and sympathies. These, then, were what Caesar referred to as Nature's barriers, nearly two thousand years ago; and these gentle crests were those which history said commanded the routes from France into Germany, Switzerland and Italy. One had thought of them as a mere military term. One beheld them, actually, as the dwelling place of peace and plenty and quiet farm houses.

It was a fitting introduction to Geneva. Mr. Watson knew the passes well and swung on carefully round hairpin curves, now dazzling us with a view of mountain slopes patterned in sunset gold, now enchanting us with twilight glimpses of deep valleys, in which farm lights glowed. And at last, Lake Geneva below in a mountain-

But some day the Christmas dream shall come true for all the days of all the year, and of all the world to come. Some day—this I surely believe—the Wise Men and the shepherds, the high and the humble, both together having become men, shall rise and say to Herod, 'Stop! Though we be massacred for our courage or crucified for it, Stop! Year by year we have witnessed the Christmas hope climb the black sky; year by year we have heard a promise chanted from God's heaven; year by year a holy child has been laid in the sordid manger of our hearts, until at last we have risen in the invincible power of our own kindness. We cry to all the war-men of this shrieking planet, Stop! We declare that henceforth all babies shall be born and shall grow in safety. Who knows but that each one of them is a little child of God born to write his own message of valiant mercy upon the climbing scroll of human history!'

Christmas shall come true! Look! Even now once again it climbs the midnight sky, his star in the East!

(By permission F. H. Revell Co., Publishers, who have issued this story in book form.)

girdled plain, pale ocher and russet in the last of the afterglow.

I think I had expected to find the city of Geneva still roosting on piles in the middle of the lake; for I'd first heard of it, when a little girl, as one of the earliest lake dwellings of man! So it was very disconcerting to find Geneva quite modern, very much parked and boulevarded, and the only water in sight that along the proper edge of the lake. But that didn't matter for what I really wanted to see was the home of the League of Nations. And then, Paul and I both disgraced ourselves by having indigestion in Geneva, so we didn't go with the others for their tour of the League Buildings and thus we missed the guide who made a great impression on Mr. Watson and my family.

Cornelia, who is not a League enthusiast, returned from the trip to say that there might be something in this League idea! That, anyhow, there guide might have persuaded her to it! He was a young American, loaned to the League for a short time for the benefit of the English-speaking summer tourists. He was an ardent champion of the League idea and my sister, Penn and Honoré had quite kindled both to him and his subject. Mr. Watson needed no persuasions as to the League, but reported that if the guide were a sample of American men, he was more than ever sold to Americans! So we all purred together. And I decided I'd go on that tour if I had to be carried. However, the next day I was perfectly well, though poor old Paul wasn't, and Penn, Mr. Watson and I went over to the League Buildings.

But alas, the guide this day for English-speaking groups was someone who spoke a very limited English with a very heavy accent. There were included with the small American-English tourists, the German tourists; and the guide was obliged to speak first in one language and then in the other and he was evidently limited as to time and tied to a set speech so that when I asked him a question about one of the murals, he snubbed me. I took it



meekly, though, for no American has any business to make demands on the League entourage. And, anyhow I didn't need to be won to the League Dream. It won me in 1918. So I let the guide patter on while I gazed at the splendid rooms; and when we reached the Council Chamber, I just forgot everything but the murals by Jose Maria Sert. I found them impressive beyond words.

There is something very poignant in the fact that it is a Spaniard who has painted this truly great series of allegories showing the futility of wars and the feasibility of international friendship. The paintings are in sepia on a gold ground and are executed in a Michelangelo manner which has nothing of the cubistic style to confuse a simple mind like mine. The series symbolizes the struggle of humanity throughout the ages to overcome the evils that curse it. The pictures show that ma-

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chinery has conquered brutal manual labor. Science has ended many diseases. Lincoln ended slavery. It is possible, too, to end the scourge of war. And so the last picture is entitled "Victory over War." In the center is a bas-relief of the five races of the earth drawing a single bow in the conquest of nature. In the ceiling, are five huge figures representing the solidarity of all peoples.

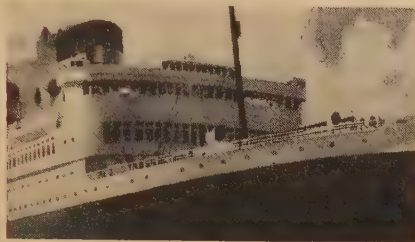
I stared at these great paintings, my mind uplifted, my soul in revolt against humanity's needless plight, my imagination fired anew with the dream of what some day must be. A little later, gazing from the window of the secretariat, I saw, across the lake, the far, snow-capped peak of Mont Blanc. And suddenly, the shadow that had been following me, lifted. What great dreams that peak had seen born and nourished here in this ancient city! Calvin and Knox had sought refuge here. Milton had sojourned here, and so had Rousseau and here the Red Cross idea was born. Why not the League of Nations? And Mont Blanc glowed back, "Why not?"

Ideas are eternal. It is on an idea that the League is built.

I had a grand time in Geneva!



## SOUTH AMERICA



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(Continued from page 32)

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edition, just out, contains 2919 pages, and 31,545 sketches of men and women, of which 2,545 have not appeared previously. The volume also contains a survey of those whose names appeared in the first edition, 1899, and still appear in this latest edition. In addition there are a number of interesting facts which are pointed out in the introduction; for example, the "entering" age averaged 38 in 1899, but in this volume it is 45; the number of children per family has decreased in these forty years—it was 2.10 as late as 1932, but this year it is only 1.91. The youngest person named in the volume is Shirley Temple, aged 9; the oldest is Charles William Super, an author, aged 96. These and hundreds of other interesting facts are contained in this indispensable volume, in addition to the thousands of regular sketches.

### Of Special Appeal

Two books that have a double appeal, because the poems they contain are excellent, and because it so happens that both poets are invalids and bed-ridden, are *Doorways and Windows*, by our own Ruby Dell Baugher, and *Wings and Sky*, by Martha Snell Nicholson. Miss Baugher wanted to be a missionary-teacher, but soon after her graduation from college she was stricken, and has been confined to her bed ever since. Her poems, many of which you have read, are very cheerful and pleasing, however. A pen-friend in New York has made possible the publishing of this little volume, which must be ordered direct from the author, price fifty cents. Address Ruby Dell Baugher, Morganfield, Kentucky.

The other book, *Wings and Sky*, is by another invalid, whose life has several times been despaired of, but whose spirit has never weakened. Her poems have appeared in publications all over the country, and are now collected in this beautiful little volume—poems about Nature, Home, and especially her deeply religious poems. This book, too, must be ordered from the author direct. Address Martha Snell Nicholson, 1406 Lagoon Avenue, Wilmington, California. The price is \$1.00 for the suede binding, or \$2.00 for the cloth-bound edition.

A great many of you have written for the little Temperance booklet, *Alcohol—Its Physiological and Psychological Effects*, by a trained nurse in New York City, Miss Mary Lewis Reed. We are glad to announce that a new and greatly enlarged and improved edition is now ready. The price is fifteen cents, or eight for one dollar, plus postage. Order it direct from the author, Mary Lewis Reed, Room 902, 468 Fourth Ave., New York City. Please do not send orders to *Christian Herald*.

### Gift Books for All Ages

*Alone*, by Richard F. Byrd (Putnam's, \$2.50), is the famous aviator's account of the months he spent at "Advance Base," in the Antarctic regions, many miles from "Little America." It is one of the most inspiring records of fortitude, courage, and unselfishness ever penned. A large part of the book is from the diary which Byrd, despite almost unbelievable hardship and suffering, yet kept, faithfully, day

after day, "Alone" there in the South Polar night. This is a grand book, one that you will read, breathless, and treasure through the years. We hope to review it at greater length next month.

Now here is a book that has needed writing for a long time—*Good Housekeeping Marriage Book*, compiled by William F. Bigelow (Prentice-Hall, \$2.00). As most of you know, Mr. Bigelow is editor of the famous magazine named in the book's title. Here he has compiled articles by twelve of our most prominent and successful people: Dr. William Lyon Phelps contributed "Religion in the Home"; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt writes on "Should Wives Work?" Other titles are "When He Comes a-Courting," "Now That You're Engaged," "Ought I to Marry?", "Learning to Live Together," and others, all practical and helpful to a degree in aiding young people to understand the problems of marriage, and enable them to "make a go of it." Unhesitatingly recommended.

*The Woman's Almanac for 1939*, compiled by Florence Brobeck and others, (Oquaga Press, New York, \$1.00,) is the new issue of this outstanding annual, "For, by, and about Women." This "Almanac" is really a compilation of articles relating to every field in which women are interested. Among American women discussed are those who lead in architecture, adventure, art, astronomy, banking, business, homemaking, fashion, science, society, religion, politics, publishing, medicine, sports, and so on through a long list of activities in which our women take part. An outstanding feature of the 1939 edition is the needlework contest, with cash prizes. It is a most complete and ably edited volume, and makes us proud of our American women.

*Between You and Me*, by Edgar A. Guest (Reilly and Lee, \$1.25), is a collection of articles by this favorite author. They are all full of that cheerful, homely philosophy which has endeared him to millions. Edgar Guest is a sincere Christian and a good man—as we would learn from this book, if we did not know it already. His chapters on Religion, and on The Home are especially good.

### Juveniles

*Sing-a-Song Playbook* (McLoughlin Bros., \$1.25—see page 40,) is the most unique children's novelty of the season. With the book before them, children can play on the xylophone (attached to the book) and sing at the same time their favorites. Happy Birthday, Farmer in the Dell, Three Blind Mice and numerous other childhood favorites are found in this fascinating book. (I know some adults who were fascinated with it, too.)

*The Safeway Club*, by Catherine Bryce (Nelson, \$1.50) is a book of stories for children designed to instill caution and prudence in these days of dangerous streets and highways. Interesting stories, too, with humorous illustrations, and excellent moral.

*Boyhood Adventures of the Presidents*, by Frances Cavanah (Rand McNally, \$1.50) answers such interesting questions as What President was a "printer's devil?" What President, when a youth, was leader of a gang? What President ran away from home? What one chose the site for his

(Continued on page 60)



(Continued from page 31)

lected, as she cut the bread. He called to her:

"Sally, I haven't seen you since the year before you were married. A long time!"

"Yes, Father." Odd to call this shabby old man by that well-loved term.

"I never was much good at writing," his voice went on, gentle, kind, not ashamed of that long absence. "I always meant to—"

"We heard—a few times," Sally choked. Oh yes, they had heard! A card from this far port or that mining town. She had lived with the constant knowledge that her father, once a prosperous business man, had become a hobo, a vagabond, a drunkard! She had tried to forget him, to remember only the father she knew before he had started to drink, before he had let his business fold up, before he had disappeared.

At first she had been deeply hurt, but time had given her a veneer that passed for courage and she no longer wondered about him. And now—here he was!

The children came from school while he was eating the sandwiches she had made with last night's cold roast beef and the fresh rolls she had not intended to serve until that night. He had eyed them hungrily and she had broken her resolve to save them.

It was Jane who inspected him carefully, then said: "Are you Santa Claus without a red suit?"

"This is your grandfather," Sally said dully.

"You are?" Jane came nearer. "I'm glad you're here. I'd like to eat with you."

But Jack was more practical. "Say, you used to make trains go on tracks under your tree when you had kids, didn't ya?"

His grandfather nodded. "Need help?" "We might have a train tomorrow and if we do could you sort of show us—"

As simply as all that the children accepted him. No questions, no recriminations. No wonderment that he needed shaving and wore no necktie.

One thought was uppermost in Sally's mind. Peter must be notified. He must be told not to bring Cyrus Lamont home. Oh, if he saw this gentle old derelict and learned of his background, Peter's chances at a promotion were gone. Men could be kind, theoretically. But it was hard to be charitable when you were asked to accept socially a—a tramp, to whom you would give a quarter on the street!

If she went to the telephone her father would hear. She must make up an excuse and run down to the drugstore. But when she invented her errand her father offered to do it for her, and the children were quick to suggest that they go along.

"I'd like some red and yellow and blue sugar," Sally heard herself saying. She had made dozens of animal sugar cookies. She intended to frost them but she had had no thought of sprinkling them with the giddy sugar until this moment.

It seemed a long time to Sally before she heard her husband's voice on the other end of the telephone extension. In reality, it was just a few seconds.

(Turn to next page)

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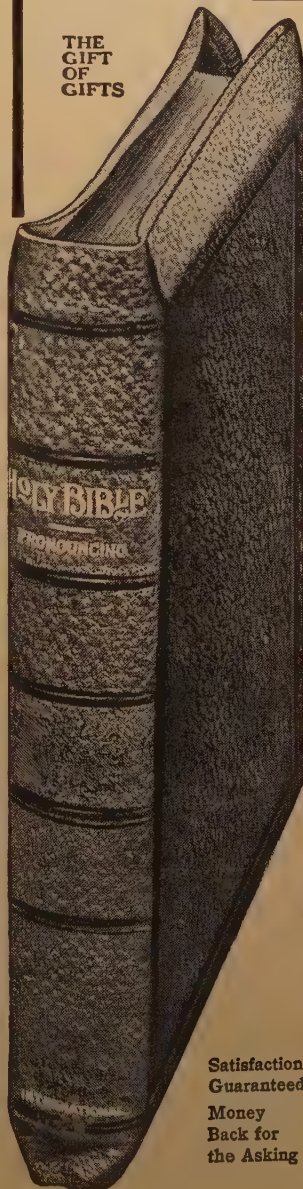
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(Continued from page 55)

"Peter, my father's here!"

"You mean—at our house?"

"Yes. He came half an hour ago. And oh Peter, he's poor! No overcoat. Patched suit. Holes in his shoes."

"Drinking?"

"No, sober. Maybe he's stopped—reformed. But you must find Mr. Lamont and withdraw the invitation. I had to ask my—my father to stay. You understand that, don't you, Peter?"

"Yes—sure. Oh, sure, I understand."

"Peter, you don't. But it'll hurt you more to have Mr. Lamont meet him than if you withdraw the invitation."

Peter became practical. "Sally, this will mean a black mark against me. Men like Lamont are important. He's a big figure and he isn't used to having invitations withdrawn. He'll know it's a trumped-up reason. Couldn't we manage about your father?"

"No, Peter. I can't send him any place. He's broke—and so are we. Besides, he'd be hurt."

"He's been away how long? Nearly ten years?"

"I know—but you'll have to reach Mr. Lamont. Here they come. He's been to the store with the children."

She hung up. She felt let down. Well, she needn't hurry so now. She relaxed and let her father help the children dust the cookies with the gay sugar. She let him hang the evergreen boughs, holly and mistletoe that were still on the back veranda, keeping cold and crisp. She nodded when he suggested that he fix the Christmas tree in its holder.

Once, when she looked out of the door, she noticed that he was shivering. His suit was so thin. Just cheap summer material. She would hunt an overcoat for him.

"Come in and I'll get you a coat," she called.

He looked at her gratefully, then straightened his shoulders.

"You're busy enough, Sally. This exercise makes me warm. I don't feel the cold. Move too fast, I guess."

Peter, meantime, was trying to locate Mr. Lamont. He did not know at which hotel he was stopping. Even if he had, there was every chance that the man had taken his bag with him and would not be back that afternoon. No, there was nothing to do but wait until he dropped in.

Three o'clock, four o'clock, four-thirty. At five he gave up. He telephoned to Sally.

"He hasn't been in and I can't reach him."

"Then you can't tell him until he comes to go to the train?"

"Oh no, Sally! Worse—a thousand times worse! I just remembered he has an all-afternoon meeting. He asked me how to get to the house because he thought he'd come alone. I forgot about it."

"But—but . . . I'm dazed!"

"I feel that way, too. Well, I'll hurry along and we can grin together."

Sally went into the dining room. Mechanically she removed the simple woven cloth which covered the table and spread it with a shining linen one. She placed the ruby goblets—a wedding present that had eluded all hands and remained un-

broken—at each place and arranged the best silver. She put red candles in the low holders.

Jack came running in to say that he was taking a walk with his grandfather. Jane was going, too. She merely nodded. It would be nice to have them out of the way. Easier to work.

Food for dinner. . . . Her special menu had been abandoned when she thought Mr. Lamont was not coming. She could not prepare a roast with carrots, onions and browned potatoes now. An idea, nebulous, became definite. She still had time to stuff a fish, and the fish market was near. Her father always had liked fish. He deserved one special kindness. She would serve the fish with lemon, and make a border of firm, white turnips, green peas, mounds of flaky potatoes.

It seemed to her that Mr. Lamont was retreating, becoming smaller and smaller. Soon enough he would arrive with thundering importance but that would be of no consequence. Peter and his promotion were licked. Licked by a shabby old man who had dropped in for Christmas.

Darkness came early. The sky was low, blue, a backdrop for a million shining stars, and one there was that led the radiant parade. From the window Sally could see the out-of-door ever-greens blossoming with light in front of little houses and big houses. Some of the trees were strung with lights of mystic blue, others were draped with red and green and violet brilliance. The colors were soft and misty against the white night.

It was Christmas.

Down the lane of the vanished years three Wise Men searched for an infant King. Shepherds heard an angel chorus and bowed in the lonely pastures. A manger became a symbol forever and forever of an open door. . . .

Then she heard Peter's key in the latch and flew down the stairs.

"Lamont arrived?" he asked.

"Not yet. Oh, I'm so glad you got here first. Here, put the packages in the wardrobe. The dinner's cooking, and Peter, my father is nice. Maybe it won't be so bad. Maybe Mr. Lamont will understand."

Peter bent to kiss her on the tip of her tilted nose. "Sure, and maybe Santa Claus will bring you a pint of diamonds. How tall is your father? Maybe I have a suit. Where is he?"

"That's right," Sally ruminated. "You've never seen him. He had—disappeared, before I knew you. He was asking about you, too. That's why." Then she remembered her husband's question. "He and the children have some kind of a secret."

The hands of the clock were traveling slowly, but inevitably, to the hour when Mr. Lamont's train would pull into the station. In less than five minutes, after its arrival, a taxicab would deposit him at the door.

Peter and Sally went to their room to dress. Peter looked into the guest room. "Good work," he said. "Where's your father sleeping?"

"He'll have to take the davenport downstairs—it's a comfortable bed. I haven't told him. You see, when I thought Mr. Lamont wasn't coming I sort of let him think this was his room."

(Turn to page 58)



# The Best in RADIO

## Selected Programs on December Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.  
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.  
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KFY, and affiliated stations.

### DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.  
11:45 A.M. Getting The Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.  
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Talks by leading Christian men—RED.  
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.  
2:00 P.M. Irene Beasley's R.F.D. No. 1—CBS. Songs and comment of rural America.  
2:30 P.M. American School of the Air—CBS.  
3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.  
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, Commentator—BLUE.

### SUNDAY

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft. Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.  
9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro choir and talks by outstanding Negro leaders—CBS.  
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination—CBS.  
10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.  
10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. A series of musical programs featuring music by students in the public schools of various cities—RED.  
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—RED.  
12:00 Noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.  
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.  
1:30 P.M. Europe Calling. Talks from European capitals—CBS.  
1:45 P.M. The Farmer Takes the Mike. Farmers interview scientists on advances in farm problems—CBS.  
2:00 P.M. Americans All—Immigrants All. Dramatizations of history and cultural contributions of different racial groups of America—CBS.  
2:00 P.M. The Magic Key of RCA. Symphonic orchestra, direction Frank Black, guest artists—BLUE.  
3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, directed by John Barbirolli—CBS.  
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.  
4:30 P.M. The World is Yours. Dramatizations under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.  
5:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions (Sherwin Williams)—NBC.  
6:00 P.M. New Friends of Music. Chamber music concerts—BLUE.  
7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner table discussions—CBS.  
7:00 P.M. Other America. Edward Tomlinson, South American authority—BLUE.  
7:30 P.M. Seth Parker. Sunday night get-togethers of the Jonesport Neighbors—BLUE.  
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Jose Iturbi conducts through Dec. 11, Fritz Reiner from December 18—CBS.  
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor—RED.  
10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines. H. V. Kaltenborn, Gilbert Selles, and Ralph Edwards—CBS.  
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.  
10:30 P.M. Peace, How Long and How? Col. Frederick Palmer—RED.

### MONDAY

12:00 Noon Mary Margaret McBride, air columnist, also Weds. and Fris.—CBS.  
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial—CBS.  
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Dr. Daniel A. Poling in Opportunity—RED.  
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Interviews with interesting personalities, Alma Kitchell—RED.  
2:00 P.M. Adventure in Reading. A program to heighten interest of listening school groups in works of outstanding living American authors—BLUE.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of all Churches, direction Joe Emerson. Also Tues. and Thurs.—RED.  
3:00 P.M. Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.  
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton—RED.  
6:45 P.M. Father and Son, dramatization—RED. Also Wed. and Fri.  
7:00 P.M. Lum and Abner. Rural sketches. Also Weds. and Fris.—CBS.  
7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.  
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—RED.  
10:00 P.M. Carnation-Contented Program. Orchestra. direction Marek Weber; soloists—RED.  
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

### TUESDAY

12:00 Noon Kate Smith, commentator. Also Thurs. and Sat.—CBS.  
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell in Our Spiritual Life—RED.  
12:45 P.M. Music Makers, conducted by Dr. Joseph E. Maagy—RED.  
1:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra. Educational Concerts—BLUE.  
1:30 P.M. General Federation Women's Clubs Consumer's Program—RED.  
3:00 P.M. Story of the Song—CBS.  
3:15 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.

4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.  
4:45 P.M. Of Men and Books. Book reviews by Professor John T. Frederick—CBS.  
5:00 P.M. Music for Fun, Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.  
8:00 P.M. Big Town. Expose of criminal rackets dramatized by Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor—CBS.  
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman in a "stump the experts" program—BLUE.  
10:00 P.M. Dr. Christian. Jean Hersholt in a drama of a country doctor—CBS.

### WEDNESDAY

8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir. Old-fashioned hymns and psalms—CBS.  
12:30 P.M. Time for Thought. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes in Homespun—RED.  
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over with June Hynd—RED.  
2:00 P.M. Your Health. In cooperation with American Medical Assn., dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.  
3:00 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, directed by Fabien Sevitzky—CBS.  
3:30 P.M. Exploring Music—CBS.  
6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley again conducts this dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.  
6:30 P.M. Music is My Hobby. Guest non-professional artist—RED.  
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic sketch—RED.  
9:00 P.M. Everybody's Music. With Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.  
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done. Edgar Guest—CBS.

### THURSDAY

12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Dr. C. Jeffares McCombe in Timeless Truths Made Timely—RED.  
2:00 P.M. Ideas That Came True. Social Science Series with Dr. Rollo G. Reynolds—BLUE.  
3:30 P.M. Pop Concert. Directed by Howard Barlow—CBS.  
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Dr. George V. Denny, Jr., moderator—BLUE.  
10:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.  
10:30 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in different industries—CBS.

### FRIDAY

12:00 P.M. Southernaires. Negro Spirituals—BLUE.  
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Dr. Alfred Grant Walton in "Meeting Life"—RED.  
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over—RED.  
2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting—BLUE.  
5:15 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Story of development of Astronomy—CBS.  
6:05 P.M. Alma Kitchell's Briefcase. Exchange of ideas among women—BLUE.  
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano; Frank Black's orchestra—RED.  
8:30 P.M. If I Had a Chance. Distinguished persons discussing other ambitions—BLUE.  
10:30 P.M. Story Behind The Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

### SATURDAY

10:30 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor—BLUE.  
10:45 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teachers—RED.  
11:00 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.  
11:30 A.M. Eastman School of Music Concerts—RED.  
12:30 P.M. Call to Youth. Dr. George Stewart—RED.  
1:15 P.M. Broadcast from Metropolitan Opera House—RED.  
6:45 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.  
7:45 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.  
8:30 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS.  
9:00 P.M. Men Against Death. Dramatizations of de Kruif's books—CBS.  
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman—CBS.  
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini, conducting. Samuel Chotzinoff commentator—BLUE.

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(Continued from page 56)

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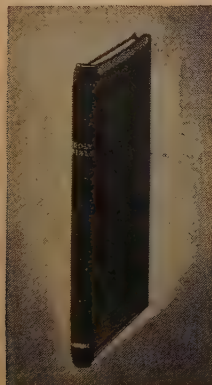
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ch. 10, 14

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Sally had a red dress with full sleeves  
and a wide, high girdle of golden brocade.  
She wore it only for special occasions—  
Christmas, birthdays, parties. Now she  
put it on and piled her hair high on the  
top of her head. Then she uncoiled it.  
There was some fleeting look about that  
coiffure that was reminiscent of her moth-  
er. Tonight would be hard enough for  
her father. She made a twist of yellow  
curls on her neck.

The clock was striking again. The  
dinner was ready. She came downstairs  
with Peter, hurried to the kitchen to see  
if the neighbor girl whom she had hired  
to serve the dinner, was ready. She  
wished that her father and the children  
would arrive before Mr. Lamont.

Then she heard the crunch of footsteps  
on the snowy walk. She could see one  
long black shadow and two small danc-  
ing ones on the wide surface of the ve-  
randa. She opened the door for them.

"We know a surprise," Jane was shout-  
ing.

"Don't talk about it," Jack was cau-  
tioning with the freedom of an older  
brother.

Sally turned to introduce her husband  
to her father. Then she paused. Her  
father was advancing, hand outstretched,  
and Peter was walking slowly toward  
him. Walking as though he dreamed, and  
could not waken.

"Mr. Lamont!" he said. Then he re-  
peated the name: "Mr. Lamont!"

"No! He's—he's our grandfather,"  
Jack corrected his father.

"Both names will do," the man an-  
swered. "Forgive an old man his dis-  
guise, won't you? And for accepting such  
a gracious invitation under false circum-  
stances? I've been incognito on the busi-  
ness end of the deal that made me presi-  
dent of your company, Blain. I'm Cyrus  
Lamont to the employees. But I'm really  
John Kennedy."

"Then you can give Peter his promo-  
tion and raise if you want to?" Sally  
heard the words marching out and couldn't  
halt them, though Peter looked at her with  
disapproval.

The old man smiled at Peter. "I had  
a reason for taking such heavy invest-  
ments in that company. I heard your  
husband was with it. I have other busi-  
nesses that appeal more to me—that one's  
up Peter's street. . . ."

They went into the dining room. They  
were served with the food that Sally had  
prepared but only old John Kennedy was  
hungry. As he ate he told them a little  
of the vagabond days; the distaste that had  
come for his life of drinking and gambling;  
the way that luck rode with him and he  
began to climb. . . .

"Why didn't you look us up sooner,  
sir?" Peter asked.

"The time wasn't ripe," he answered.  
He laid down his napkin. "If you'll let  
me be master of ceremonies tonight—after  
all I'm twice welcome—we'll look into  
Jack and Jane's surprise."

The early carolers were coming down  
the street. They carried candles that  
made a pattern of golden light against the  
darkness. John Kennedy marshaled the  
family together, led the way across the  
lawn to the house where a neighbor lived.

(Turn to page 60)



# Ten Reasons

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(Continued from page 58)



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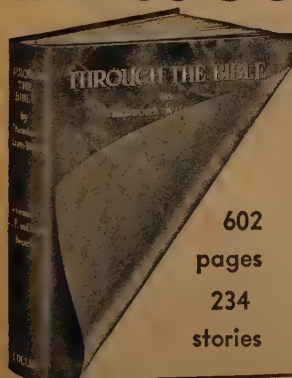
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Even Sally gasped at the sight of the living room. Instinctively she knew that it was her father who had provided the Yule log for the hearth, the well-stuffed stockings that dangled from the mantel, the crisp, fresh greens at the windows.

A great green balsam tree dripped with shining tinsel and warm red lights. A little engine carried a long chain of bright cars around and around a silver track.

Not even the children had guessed that the surprise was to be such a lavish gesture. Their eyes were round with wonderment. Sally wondered how her father had kept them entertained in the other rooms while he worked.

There were mounds of white packages, tied with colored ribbons. There were dolls and games and a sled and a wagon. . . . There were gifts for the neighbor's family. Gay boxes held pink and white bonbons, fat chocolates, crisp peppermints. Long canes hung from the tree.

Oh, it was Christmas. Sally turned away to hide the tears in her eyes. Again a stranger had begged room at the inn and had left largess in return.

The candles in the windows had been lighted that the carolers might pause. Now they came nearer and nearer, formed a circle and began to sing:

"Silent night, holy night,  
All is calm, all is bright—"

There was a silvery, tinkling sweetness coming from somewhere. High and clear it sang on with the melody-makers. Not the radio. Not the piano. Not any human voice.

Then she saw that the shining tree was turning. Her father had found a revolving music box that sang Christmas carols. He had turned the key.

Impulsively she held out her hand.

"Does it play, 'Oh come all ye faithful,' too?" she asked him.

(Continued from page 54)

future home while he was still a boy? —and many others. Fine!

*Draw Up a Chair*, by W. H. Ridgway (W. A. Wilde, \$1.00), is by a manufacturer of machinery who is interested in religion. He has prepared this little volume of stories for the purpose of giving youngsters something that they will like and read, and at the same time receive a valuable religious lesson. "A book for Dad to give his boy."

### Religious Books

*A Digest of The Bible*, by Peter V. Ross (Prentice-Hall, \$2.75,) is not one of the condensations of the King James versions, of which so many have appeared of late. It is the Bible story, reduced to some 300 pages, following the thread of the Bible narrative, but simplified and rewritten. Thus rewritten, one is able to grasp the Bible story as a whole, and to visualize it as many people have not been able to do when the Book is read piecemeal. Of course it by no means is intended to supplant the full Bible; it is rather a help to understanding and remembering it. I should think a teacher who would first put this book into his pupils' hands, to be followed by closer, more intensive study of



The Book afterward, would find their understanding of the Holy Book, and their ability to grasp it as a whole, greatly enhanced. It can be read through in a few hours. To me it seems a very valuable addition to the Bible literature which has been pouring from the presses the past few years.

*A Guide to Understanding the Bible*, by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick (Harper & Brothers, \$3.00) is a long-awaited work by Dr. Fosdick, which the author believes climaxes his life work. It is a large volume, representing years of study and research, and almost incredible labor. I must warn those of you who are strictly orthodox in your beliefs that some of Dr. Fosdick's assertions about the Bible will not please you—he is quite modernistic in his views. And I, for one, found the book rather heavy going—it is quite profound, although the author intended it to be a popular book. But aside from these possible objections, it is a most valuable contribution to the study of the Bible. Dr. Fosdick traces the growth of the great religious ideas which underlie Christian thought and culture, from the earliest times. The Idea of God, of Man, of Immortality, of Right and Wrong, of Suffering, of Worship and Prayer—the growth and development of these ideas is clearly shown. The book does throw much light on many portions of the Bible; does give a "practical and usable understanding of the great central themes found in the Scriptures," and does present the Book as a coherent whole. Despite its qualities, therefore, which I have pointed out as possibly objectionable to some, it is a monumental achievement, and packed with material of the highest interest and value to Bible students.

*A Threefold Cord*, by Helena Garrett (Zondervan Publishing House, \$2.00), is a selection of Daily Meditations, with Bible texts, for every day in the year. It is based on the notebooks of three African missionaries. There are numerous books of daily readings; this is one of the best.

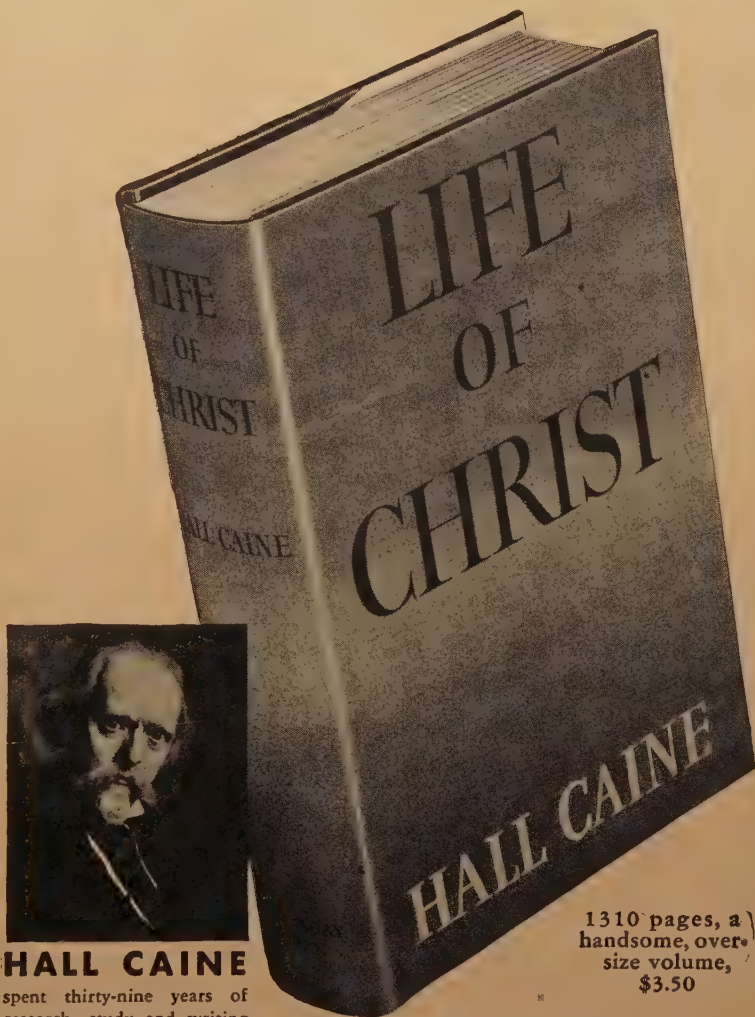
*The Master's Questions to His Disciples*, by Dr. G. H. Knight (Augustana Book Concern, \$1.50,) is the latest religious book by this well known and much-loved author. Dr. Knight has taken our Lord's questions to His disciples, and discusses them in relation to the many difficult problems we are all facing today. It is a deeply interesting and inspiring book.

*The Cross from Coast to Coast*, compiled by Dr. Walter A. Maier (Concordia Publishing House, \$1.50,) is a collection of the messages broadcast on the Fifth Lutheran Hour, from October, 1937 to April, 1938. These addresses have attracted one of the widest audiences that ever listened to a religious broadcast. Over 125,000 letters were received about them, representing every phase of religious belief, and all testified to the blessings they had received. In book form, they retain the brilliance and appeal of the spoken addresses.

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(Continued from page 36)

"The skunk!" he cried. "I'll put a stop to that, right now." He seized his hat and bolted out, more angry than Mary had ever seen him. The young couple stared at each other.

"What in the world is the matter with father—what could have excited him so?" wondered Mary.

"I'm as much in the dark as you are," said Bruce. "I wonder if it's something I could help—"

"No, no! Better leave him alone when he is this way—I know him."

Some weeks later Bruce learned that the phone call to the Colonel had been from Silas Hart; and the Deacon had told Knowles that Blair Clouse had got Emma Spiger "into trouble," and was trying to spread a rumor that not he, but the minister, was guilty. The infuriated Colonel had charged into Clouse's office and laid the law down to him so effectively that Bruce hurriedly left for New York, the Squire subsided, and the rumors died before they were fairly started.

In the beginning of Bruce's second year at Millvale a serious movement began to build a new church.

Colonel Knowles started it. One Sunday morning after a large congregation that nearly filled the church had been dismissed, he observed a sizable bunch of young men gathering in the front of the auditorium. The Colonel counted them with an experienced eye and sat down unobtrusively in their rear. Tom Moore, the foundryman, was introduced and told them how the village administration was increasing his taxes. Bruce Hardy made a ringing appeal for cleaner politics.

Colonel Knowles was impressed. No one knew better than he what it meant to get a number of mill hands out on Sunday morning. The Pastor was doing good work. Mary had told him something, how Dan Spiger had started it with two of his pals. One by one the class had grown, then by twos and threes. Mr. Hardy, with Mrs. Caleb's help, had an open house for them in his room every week.

After the class, the Colonel spoke to Bruce.

"Come up to my house tomorrow night. I want to talk to you."

When Bruce called, the Colonel laid the matter of a new church before him. "I've felt for a long time that we ought to have a new building," he said. "We've needed it for ten years. I couldn't get them to see it. Things have changed now. You've got 'em started. I'll put ten thousand in for a starter. Let's get going."

For a long moment Bruce made no reply. He was too overcome to speak.

"Oh," he breathed huskily, "that will be great." He cleared his throat and reached for his handkerchief. "It strikes me all of a heap." He laughed shakily as he wiped his eyes. "I knew we had to have it but I didn't expect it for a long time."

"Well, you haven't got it yet," warned the Colonel practically. "But I have an idea that people will respond when you put it to them. They are with you."

"All but the Squire," Bruce corrected laughing.

"Yes, the Squire and maybe a few others," the Colonel assented carelessly.

"But they don't count. You needn't think about them."

"I don't," Bruce responded seriously. "Things have been pretty quiet since you settled the Squire. I don't know but—"

"There's Silas Hart," the Colonel interrupted, "I wouldn't be surprised if you got a sizable amount from him, maybe half what I'm doing. John Dale's good for a thousand at least. Spread the payments out so it won't be too heavy and you can get a lot from the others. And then there's Mandy Peel."

"Mandy," Bruce echoed in surprise, "We couldn't look for more than fifty dollars from her, poor soul."

"She could give you five thousand if she wanted to," said the Colonel with great assurance. "I've been Mandy's financial adviser for years."

"I wonder how Tom would feel about it," Bruce mused. "He might think we were poaching on his preserves and have another crow to pick."

"Of course it's up to her. I don't think you could rush her into anything. She's pretty shrewd. You've got to show her."

Bruce nodded. "She loves Tom and she loves the church. She's all the time after me to get Tom to come back."

"It may be that this would appeal to her. Build a good church so Tom will have something worth while to come to," remarked Colonel Knowles decisively as he bade his Pastor good night.

Bruce went home walking on air. Before his eyes was a great and beautiful church and there was no limit to his dreams. A chaste adequate auditorium of the New England type with a graceful spire above and a deep toned bell, a parish house sufficiently separate for him to equip it with every needful device to educate and serve his people, a Sunday School plant, a room for the Ladies Aid, a social hall, kitchen, boys' club room. . . .

Mrs. Caleb seemed as excited as he was when he burst in upon her with the news.

"How much is it going to cost?" she demanded practically, when the first effervescence had had time to dissipate.

Bruce shook his head. "I haven't the slightest idea. I have been up on the clouds ever since the Colonel told me. All I can see is his ten thousand dollars and it looks like a million. It seems as though we can do what we like."

Mrs. Caleb shook her head warningly. In her mind the Pastor was a dear boy without one speck of meanness in him, but he was not always practical.

"Ten thousand ain't much," she suggested, "not when you are putting up a building. You've got to buy a lot, that is 'nless you're goin' to use what we've got."

Bruce shook his head vigorously. "No, indeed! I want the best place in town. We won't stay up there by the railroad a day longer than we have to."

"Well, they ain't givin' lots away. The way things look, there won't be so much left of the Colonel's money before you break ground. But mebbe somebody will give us a lot," she added hastily, noting the sober look that had chased the smile away.

"That's right. You never can tell." Bruce's enthusiasm returned with the thought. "Silas Hart will give us a sizable amount and John Dale, I hope, and—and—there are others," he concluded



lately. I'm going to give a thousand dollars myself."

"No you ain't." Mrs. Caleb was excited. The young man's smile was gleeful. "Certainly I'm going to do it. You don't know all about my affairs. I've got a thousand dollars right now in a savings bank. My father left it to me. That was his estate and I put it away for a nest egg, but I don't really need it and now this has come, I'm going to use it."

"Well, you can count on the Aiders for a thousand anyway, mebbe more," said Mrs. Caleb, apparently accepting her Pastor's word as final. "We'll be havin' a supper and fair next fall and we'll make it the biggest thing yet."

"That will be fine," responded Bruce heartily.

The next morning, he sat at his desk trying to collect his thoughts for his sermon. He had not slept well. Along a hundred lanes his mind had been galloping, as he faced the details of the great project that lay ahead. The first thing, he knew, was to spread the news of the Colonel's offer and add to it other pledges that would make it impossible for any doubters to veto the undertaking. Before he was a day older he would see Deacon Hart and John Dale and perhaps Mandy Peel. This last he was doubtful about. Mandy was an uncertain quantity. Perhaps he ought to talk to Tom first.

Shaking his head he picked up his pencil and resolutely tried to apply himself. But he couldn't. So much had happened. A very different year from what he had planned. And yet out of all the confusion there had developed this. A great new building was ahead, with all that it indicated. After all, they were going somewhere. Gratefully he remembered the day Dan Spiger had come—poor, simple lad. Who would have dreamed of what was to follow? The Sunday hour, the other lads, the appearance of older men until now the class was a recognized institution and mothers were begging him to get hold of their boys. It was that class which had moved the Colonel, he imagined, to make his decision.

And there was Tom. Last Sunday had marked a new high for him. It meant more than most could realize for the foundryman to come to the church, even if it was only to this class. With his assessments going up and Sam's evident purpose to make him sell out, he was sore and willing to talk. That was something. He had even gone so far as to see that the church might be a powerful agent as a civic force. Bruce felt he had a "toehold" there and he would go farther. He was very glad Tom had been there on that particular Sunday and the Colonel had heard him. It might help the Colonel to see what Stephen was ganging up with. Behind this grasp for Tom's water power and the lucrative business that was coming up from Electric City was village politics, a rule that permitted the lawlessness of Gregory's Sunday business, the policy shop, and other shady things, and effectively tied the Mayor's hands when he attempted to clean up.

Suddenly Bruce threw down his pencil, pushed back his chair, and rose to his feet. All this dreaming was not getting him anywhere. He was in no mood to sermonize. He would see Silas Hart.

(To be continued)

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DECEMBER 4

### The Sin of Lying

EX. 20:16; II KINGS 5:20-27; PROV. 6:16-19;  
MATT. 15:19,20; JOHN 8:42-47; EPH. 4:25; REV.  
22:14,15.

(Printed lesson, Ex. 20:16; Matt. 15:19,20; John  
8:42-47; Eph. 4:25)

THERE is not much comfort in the Bible for one who has lying lips, or uses untruthful words to the disadvantage of his neighbor. Few subjects are so plainly described and denounced, both in the Old and New Testaments. This must be because the temptation to falsehood is so widespread, and touches so many people. If one questions why there are seven Scripture references in this lesson the answer is found in the contribution which each makes to the whole subject.

*What is false witness?* Primarily the ninth commandment refers to untruth spoken in a court of law, resulting in disadvantage to another person. But it also includes the taking away of a neighbor's character by false imputations. Ex. 23:1 declares that a groundless report is not to be given currency, and that a witness who seeks to involve the innocent and clear the guilty is a *malicious* witness (an unrighteous witness). It is no long step to reach idle gossip, which frequently ruins good character; or slander, which is premeditated damage to another.

*What is behind spoken words?* Some words are merely quick expressions of the emotions, and do not really represent character. But lying, or deceptive speech is prompted by a desire for gain or advantage which seems not to be at hand if the truth be followed. Jesus says that such "false witness" comes from the heart, which of course is an evil heart. Lying then is not to be taken lightly, as something which the lips can check. It is an indication of baseness in one's inner being, and the only remedy for that is a changed heart, a clean heart.

*Lying is traced to its source.* The passage from John (8:42-47) brings out numerous teaching points, among which are these:

1. Jesus gave direct personality to the devil, and described as his sons those who partook of his nature.

2. The devil was a murderer from the beginning, having inspired man's fall, from which death resulted.

3. There is no truth in the evil one, for falsehood and untruth are part and parcel of the sinful nature.

4. All lies and untruths can be traced to the evil influences of the devil, who inspires lying in his followers.

5. Christ's claim to veracity and truth-telling is based on His claim to sinlessness.

6. The whole record of a man's life,

then, is attached to his conduct. The man of truth is God's man, and his whole life flows in God's channel; the man of lies and falsehood is the devil's man, and his whole life is tainted with evil.

#### Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why is falsehood so commonly found even among those who claim goodness?

2. To what other sins does falsehood frequently lead?

DECEMBER 11

### The Sin of Covetousness

EX. 20:17; Luke 12:13-21; I TIM. 6:6-10

THE tenth commandment is said to be "the most inward of all the commandments, since it forbids not an external act, but a hidden mental state."

While covetousness is not in itself an act, but a working of the mind, it is universal and long-standing history that a selfish desire for wealth, possessions, or property very often issues in violent acts. The lengths to which a covetous person will go to obtain that upon which he has set his heart are all too well known. Covetousness is therefore a basic sin, and easily becomes the forerunner of other sins.

*Jesus' Estimate of Poverty and Riches.* In the parable of the rich fool and its introductory verses (Luke 12:13-15, 16-21) the following teaching points appear: (1) Jesus rightly refused to be the arbiter in a personal dispute between brothers, especially when there was no evidence that there was injustice. (2) Jesus assumed that His interviewer was selfishly desiring what he should not have. (3) Jesus stated that wealth of possessions is not the measure of the good life. (4) The rich man's attitude was based on selfishness. He spoke of "my fruits, my barns, my goods, my soul." He was nowhere near to the conception of stewardship. (5) The man is referred to as a fool because he spoke as if earthly wealth could supply the needs of an immortal soul. There is no such thing as purchasing happiness or the finer delights of living. Very often the presence of wealth shuts them out, and the absence of wealth lets them in. (6) The final blow to the covetous man comes in his separation from the wealth he has coveted and has sought above all else to acquire. (7) There is a great contrast between those who lay up treasure for themselves, and those who are rich toward God.

*Modern Channels of Covetousness.* The applications of covetousness are multiplied in our day. Light obligations of the



marriage vow and the freedom between the sexes open the way to "unlawful desire," little known when, in Moses' day, God said, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." Gambling—an inordinate desire to gain something which is not by right one's possession—is a subtle form of covetousness. The temptation to have more than one's means or station calls for is an encouragement to covetousness.

Questions for Class Discussion

- 1. What saying of Jesus illustrates the hidden nature of the sin of covetousness?
- 2. Is it wrong to desire wealth and property not for ourselves but for those dependent on us?

DECEMBER 18

Christ's New Commandment

MATT. 5:43-48; 22:34-40; LUKE 10:25-37; JOHN 13:34,35; 15:12-14; GAL. 5:13,14  
(Printed lesson, Matt. 5:43-48; 22:34-40; John 13:34,35; 15:12-14)

WITH the memory of our study of the Ten Commandments still fresh and inspiring, it is important that any New Testament comment or addition should be noted. In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus drew comparisons between the old law and the new interpretation of it.

Our first passage (Matt. 5:43-48) gives an illustration. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," is found in Lev. 19:18, but "and hate thine enemy" is not found in so many words in the Old Testament. But the hatred of enemies is more or less implied in many Old Testament passages.

Jesus cited two things to be done by His followers—"Love your enemies," and "pray for them that persecute you." The latter injunction was carried out by the examples of Jesus when He prayed for those who crucified Him (Luke 23:34) and of Stephen, when he prayed for those casting the death-dealing stones at him (Acts 7:60).

In our second passage (Matt. 22: 34-40) Jesus made a summarizing statement about the commandments. The Rabbis had much discussion about which of the six hundred or more precepts in the Law, some called *weighty* and some *light*, would rank as greatest. Rather than to be specific and to pick out one in contradistinction to all the others, Jesus answered in principle, and His principle had many applications. At the same time He quoted a passage familiar to the Jews, for every Jew had to recite it twice every day, and considered it as the creed of Israel.

How aptly Jesus added a second commandment always to be considered along with the first! "And thy neighbor" enlists all of man's powers in behalf of his fellow-beings. All the interests of all of our neighbors must be as dear to us as our own. And that is some order in a world as complex and as distraught as the world of 1938 in which we live.

The two passages from John (13:34,35; 15:12-14) are used to emphasize a third feature of Christian love. While the supreme commandment has to do with love toward God and toward one's neighbor, there is a special call for love toward our enemies, and for love toward our fellow-disciples.

Questions for Class Discussion

- 1. How would you answer the objection: (Turn to next page).

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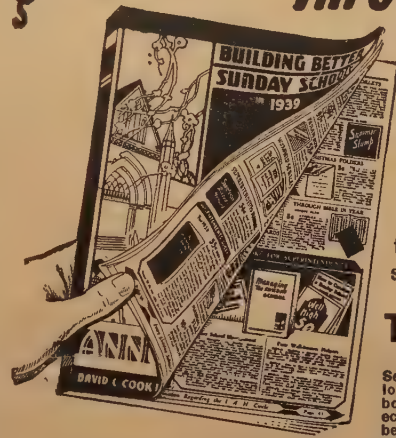
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**Stop Your Rupture Worries.** You don't have to wear an ill-fitting truss that may be too tight or too loose. You don't have to put up with the old hard pad that so often gouges into the opening or chafes the skin into burning soreness. If your doctor says you have a reducible rupture and advises a proper-fitting support, then let us send you the remarkable Brooks AIR-CUSHION truss invention on 10 Days' Trial.

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Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with this amazing bargain! Collection includes 3 Red and 2 Pink Radiance, 1 Tullaghan, 1 Ami Quinard, 1 Edel, 1 Pres, Hoover, and 1 Mrs. Chas. Bell. Send just \$1.00 today for rose collection No. 1001

**NAUGHTON FARMS, Dept. R100, WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS**

(Continued from page 65)

It just isn't possible to love those who are working against us as our enemies?

2. How can love of Christians for each other be devoid of selfishness?

DECEMBER 25

## God's Great Love

MATT. 2:1-12

WITH Christmas day coming on the day of worship it is appropriate to give direct attention to the lovely Christmas narrative. As a climax to the study of the commandments we have had man's duty to love God. Now we reflect on the matchless demonstration of the way God loves man, and the meaning of the coming of Jesus Christ.

In any study of Matthew's Gospel it must be kept in mind that he wrote to convince Jewish readers of the nature and mission of the Messiah. He thoroughly believed every item in the narrative, and he saw no reason why all Jews should not likewise believe—except for prejudice. That prejudice he sought to overcome by timely quotation from the ancient Scriptures, and a logical presentation of his story.

Where there is doubt today over the account of the visit of the "wise men" the usual recourse is to call it "legendary." It is not difficult to believe what Matthew meant to say, that the star guided the wise men to Jesus.

Who were the wise men? There existed "a sacerdotal or priestly class among the Persians, Babylonians and other eastern nations, who occupied themselves with a knowledge of the secrets of nature, divination, astrology, and medicine. . . Since astronomy was chiefly practised in Babylonia,

and Jewish influence was particularly strong there, it may be conjectured that these Magi were Babylonians. . ." (Dumelow, *One-Volume Commentary*.) That their number was three is an inference from the statement that three gifts were presented,—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Much has been written about whether the star was natural, or a supernatural phenomenon. But it is quite as easy to think of the star as especially prepared by God, or especially used of God, to accomplish His purpose of leading the wise men to Bethlehem. If it did that, it was God's agent, and to that extent was supernatural.

An additional spiritual significance. Why did the Jewish leaders, when there was the report that the King of the Jews had been born, pay little or no attention to it? Why did they not exercise themselves about it, and find out if it were true? Why was Herod alone in his desire to find out, and he only that he might by force destroy a possible rival to his throne? Why did Gentiles show the first real concern for worshipping Jesus? Is not this a prophecy of what was to come during Jesus' lifetime and in succeeding centuries, that those nearest to Him by all the tokens of Divine favor should reject Him as Messiah and those afar off should find in Him their Saviour and the world's Saviour?

## Questions for Class Discussion

1. What is the significance of the fact that Joseph and Mary, as well as the Magi, were far away from their homes when the events of chapter two occurred?
2. What is to you the most impressive feature of the visit of the Magi?
3. What important facts about Jesus would be missing if Matthew had not written the account of the visit of the Magi?

(Continued from page 43)

National Rededication is in order for every one of us.

*Amidst the clarion and clash and conflict of the world's interest, we turn humbly to Thee, our Heavenly Father, to pray that we may be loyal in thought and deed to our holy heritage. Amen.*

DECEMBER 15, 1938

THE CHURCH IN THY HOUSE.

READ PHILEMON 1:1-25.

would also make our homes Thy temples, inwrought with sacred memories of Thee. Amen.

DECEMBER 16, 1938

ALL THY WAVES AND THY BILLOWS ARE GONE OVER ME.  
READ PSALM 42.

IN MID-OCEAN the passengers on our great ship were summoned to a life drill. A winch broke, and one of the empty lifeboats was precipitated into the water, bending a davit and breaking some cables. The unsinkable boat was quickly dragged full of water. The ship stopped, and various devices were adopted for recovering the boat; but in vain. So seamen leaped aboard, handed out the stores and punctured the air chambers. Then the lifeboat was cut adrift, to sink beneath the waves.

That lonely, abandoned boat, receding on the horizon, stirred the emotions. Through no fault of its own it had become a derelict.

It strangely suggested the human lives, fit and strong, thrown upon the sea of unemployment, through no fault of their own.

*Have mercy, O merciful Lord, upon all abandoned and shipwrecked and lonely lives; and bring them into the happy haven of Thy peace. Amen.*

*We would not neglect public worship in our churches, dear Lord; but we*



DECEMBER 17, 1938

THIS IS MY COMFORT.  
READ PSALM 119:49-56.

FRIEND after friend has lately been stricken with slow but fatal disease. Thus I have been given an intimate glimpse of the glorious company of endurers. Every one of these afflicted ones dear to me is playing a heroic part. With undimmed faith they await the inevitable, in uncomplaining cheerfulness. We should take thought of the great company of sufferers, confined to beds of pain. Ministry to them is enjoined by Jesus.

*For all Thy dear children whom Thou hast called into the school of suffering, and who have vindicated our common faith, we give Thee thanks, our Father.*

DECEMBER 18, 1938

I HAVE LEFT ME SEVEN THOUSAND.  
READ I KINGS 19:9-18.

WHEN in Germany, earlier this year, I was deeply impressed by the evidence I quietly gathered that the thinking people of Germany—and even Hitler cannot stop people from thinking—are not at all content with the Nazi regime. But I am more deeply impressed by the evidence I have gathered in many lands that there is another and greater force mustering for the New Day in the world—the myriads of earnest, spiritually-minded men and women who want to transform society in Christ's way.

*"How long, O Lord, how long!" We wait and yearn for the baring of Thy mighty arm, to make right all that is wrong with our wandering world. Amen.*

DECEMBER 19, 1938

GIVE ATTENDANCE TO READING.  
READ I TIMOTHY 4:1-16.



AMIDST the fears and turmoil of Jerusalem, we went one afternoon to have tea with the hospitable Bishops of the Newman School of Languages, the only work maintained by Methodists in the holy city. Two memories outstand. One was the presence of a scholarly Jewish rabbi and a German pastor. Lines of dissension are aside in that abode of peace and scholarship. Second, was the impressiveness of the treasurers of the library—rare books upon Islam, Judaism, Christianity and history, which the three scholars discussed with the affectionate zest of book lovers.

*Lift up the level of our thinking, O God; that in higher, purer air we may have fellowship with the past, with one another and with Thee. Amen.*

DECEMBER 20, 1938

THESE DAYS SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.  
READ ESTHER 9:26-32.

WE HAD a rare evening at the home of friends who had been guests at our (Turn to next page).



NO JOKE

TRADE MARK

A cough due to a cold is no joke. Get Smith Brothers Cough Drops. (Black or Menthol.) Cost only 5¢—yet they're a real cough medicine. **Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMINA** This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

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to sell Bibles, Testaments, good books, new Krystal Plax or velvet scripture mottoes, scripture calendars, greeting cards. Good commission. Send for free catalog and price list. George W. Noble, Publisher, Dept. 9S, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Warns John X. Loughran, Ph.D., Lecturer, Author, Noted Radio Health Commentator,

If You Suffer From ARTHRITIS, NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, STOMACH, KIDNEY TROUBLE, or Other Common Ailment-

Learn to EAT!

If you suffer from some common ailment, you may be poisoning your system every time you eat a meal! John X. Loughran, noted Food Authority, shows in his new booklet that "What you EAT is what you ARE." He says, "Good health is impossible if you violate the Laws of Nature. Your food can either improve your condition or make it worse. It's up to YOU." Learn these amazing new facts. Stop suicidal living habits and get back on the road to health. Find out which foods act as poisons—which as medicines. Thousands have already regained their health this common-sense way when drugs and everything else failed. You owe it to yourself to at least investigate.

FREE HEALTH BOOK



Do you know which foods have amazing curative powers? Which help rheumatism, sleeplessness, indigestion? Which make common ailments worse? Find out these facts for yourself and get rid of the CAUSE of so many ailments. If you have been groping in the dark, or if you have tried many remedies without success, then decide NOW, once and for all, to get to the real ROOT of your trouble. John X. Loughran's FREE BOOK may point your way to a healthier, happier life. This illustrated 16-page booklet is FREE and will be mailed to you on request. Send for it today.

Here is PROOF

Read below what others say who have learned from John X. Loughran how to EAT and LIVE. The original unsolicited letters are on file in our office.

"The hands of the clock seem to be going around backwards for me now. I believe that I have just begun to live. My eyes are greatly improved—my vision is clearer and still improving."  
Mrs. I. R. P. (Va.)

"Work does not tire me, as previously. When the day is over I have now a healthy fatigue that makes for complete relaxation and I am not wound up tight now with nervous tension."  
J. E. S. (Mich.)

"I had been in poor health for a number of years, the last three years almost an invalid from colitis and attendant ills. Now I am beginning to feel like a new woman and everybody tells me how well I look."  
Mrs. R. E. S. (Calif.)

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Tells Startling FOOD FACTS!

This booklet may show you facts you never dreamed possible about the foods you eat. If you are run down, discouraged, or suffer from some common ailment, send coupon TODAY, or postcard will do. No obligation.

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Gentlemen: Please send me without cost or obligation, John X. Loughran's free booklet, "Health Regained."

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# COUGHS!

## Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

## PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

### MAKE YOUR OWN RAISED-LETTER STATIONERY

Steel-Die Embosser, places name and address, monogram or initial in beautiful raised letters on letter paper and envelopes. Far more distinguished than printing, and 50 economical. Personal embossers, \$2 up; Notary, Corporate and Lodge seals, \$3.50 up. Write for FREE STYLE SHEET of lettering, monograms, seals for hand or desk models. Lifetime guarantee. Orders shipped day received. Sold by stationery and department stores. Roovers Embossers, 1447 37th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## RUPTURED?

### Get Up-To-Date Relief

Why try to worry along with old-fashioned trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad seals opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip. Holds rupture whether at work or play. Light, easy to wear. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing FREE 100 page, cloth-bound book "Advice To Ruptured" and details of liberal 60-day trial offer. Also names of grateful patrons in your neighborhood. Write:—Cluthe Sons, Dept. 292, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

## PSORIASIS OF THE SKIN

The symptoms of this skin disease are swelling and reddish, dry, flat papules or patches, covered with silvery scales or crusts. Send 10¢ for sample of Dermatin No. 1 & 2, and see why psoriasis sufferers "rave" about this discovery. Valley Laboratories, Spring Valley, New York. Department 110.



## WHY FISTULA IS DANGEROUS

Loss of bowel control is the great danger which threatens in neglected cases of fistula. Many could save themselves from that humiliating calamity by knowing the facts in time, and by seeking the appropriate treatment. Radical treatment is not advisable, except for extreme cases. Get a book offered free by the McCleary Clinic, 1238 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., which explains these conditions. Read about their comparatively mild treatment which has helped thousands of men and women without the usual hospital experience. Write today. You will incur no obligation. Use the above address.

(Continued from page 67)

Canadian camp; for there were shown the colored motion picture films of three different cameras. It was an inspiring refreshment of memory of dear scenes and dear friends.

Not all of us can have motion picture mementoes; but all of us have a mental screen, upon which to depict happy experiences of the past. It is a proper, and even a necessary Christian exercise to recount God's past providences; to "remember the days of old." For that same God still guides and guards.

*We would keep in vivid remembrance, our Father, all Thy gracious ways with us in the past. What Thou hast been and done is a pledge of what Thou wilt be and do. Amen.*

DECEMBER 21, 1938

HE SHALL REIGN.  
READ REVELATION 11:15-19.

THIS is a sorry Christmastide in the Land of the birth of the Babe. Hate, fear and violence reign. Where peace was first sung, there strife prevails. Bethlehem has echoed to the sound of guns and bombs. The Christmas message seems strangely out of tune with the sounds of the world.

Nevertheless, through all and in spite of all, the peaceable, liberating and enlightening influence of Jesus grows apace amongst mankind. There is a sense wherein His Spirit is the spirit of these awakened times. We are struggling through a period of darkness; but we are struggling towards the light of life.

*May the Christmas tidings enter deeply into our hearts in this day of strife and fear, O Father who didst send Thy Son to bring peace and good will.*

DECEMBER 22, 1938

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.  
READ LUKE 2:8-20.

ONCE attended a beautiful candle-light Christmas service at a college noted for its liberal social and religious views. But at Christmas there were no speculative carols to sing; so the students' voices rose sweetly in sublime affirmations of the Christmas Story, as they have been sung throughout the generations.

At Christmas we do not have doubts. The great truths of the Incarnation and of the Messiahship are accepted as the source of all Christmas joy. It is easy to believe as we sing of God's love.

*We praise Thee, O loving Father, for the great facts of the Christmas Message, which go caroling around the world and into receptive hearts. Amen.*

DECEMBER 23, 1938

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.  
READ LUKE 2:8-20.

ONE day this year I drove from Jerusalem to the Field of the Shepherds, in

Bethlehem. The Y.M.C.A. has bought and enclosed a large plot, which may have been the veritable scene of the shepherd's Christmas vision. On Christmas Eve, services are held there.

The stark nakedness and naturalness of the spot are more impressive than many of the over-bedizened sights in the Holy Land. Here, on the open, stony hills beneath the stars, to rude workmen cowering over a little fire, came the Message of the ages; a testimony that God speaks to the lowly.

*At this Christmastide, we pray that Thou, O God, wilt teach all of us who toil, and walk life's quiet ways, that we may be hearers and tellers of the great Good News. Amen.*

DECEMBER 24, 1938

OF HIS KINGDOM THERE SHALL BE NO END.  
READ LUKE 1:26-33.

BETHLEHEM, now a Christian town, has been in the news dispatches recently as the scene of fighting between the British troops and the Arabs. Is the Christmas music of peace therefore silenced? Far from it. With irrepressible optimism, Christmas carols are ringing throughout the whole world. War has always interjected its harsh clamor into the melody of Christmas progress; but still the great chorus goes and grows.

Christ is come and peace is coming. The Babe is steadily winning over Mars. His peaceful reign is extending day by day. The time is not distant wherein Bethlehem will know the peace it has proclaimed to the world.

*We pray for the little town of Thy nativity, O Christ, and for all the war-torn parts of the world, that Thy peace may dominate and Thy will be done. Amen.*

DECEMBER 25, 1938

AND LAID HIM IN A MANGER.  
READ LUKE 2:1-7.

AFTER weeks of anticipation and preparation, Christmas Day has come again, crowded with happiness as no other day of the year. Amidst greetings and gifts, and the reunion of dear ones, we would take time for the reading of the Christmas Story, and for meditation upon the incomprehensible truth that God has come to earth in the form of a little Babe.

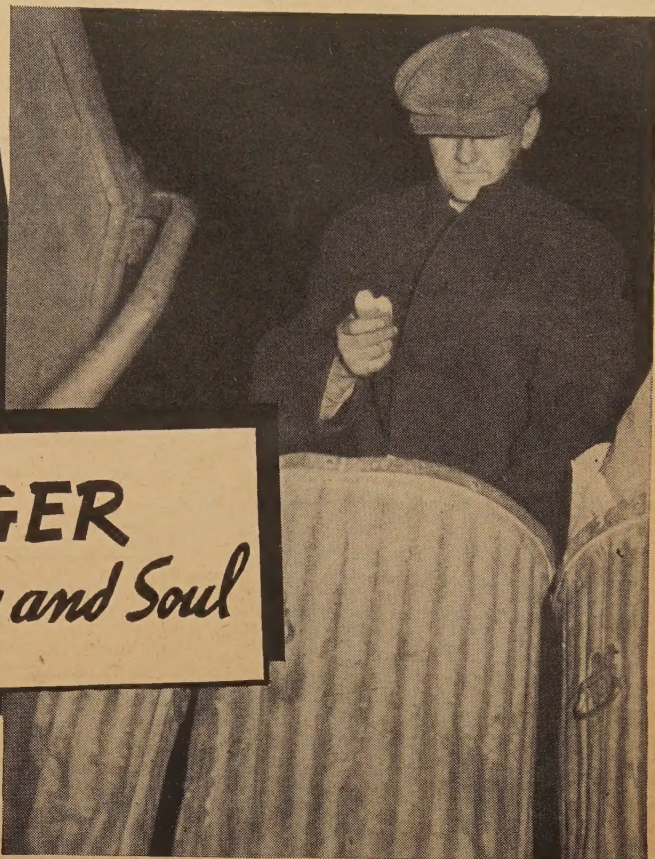
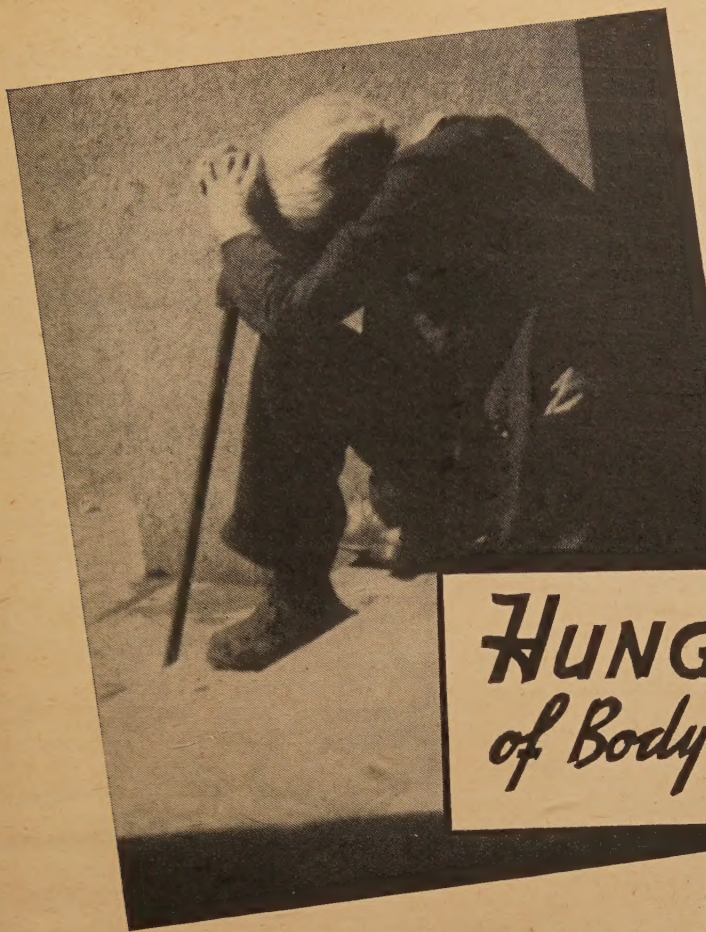
This is the heart of the Christmas Message: that God has drawn as near to man as is possible for even His infinite power. His love, and His program of love, are His Christmas gift. Jesus is all that God could reveal of Himself, and all that He could say to us.

So a happy Christmas to every one!

*We would receive into our own hearts, gracious Father, Thy Christmas gift of Jesus Christ, who was one of us yet one with Thee. Amen.*

(Turn to page 70)





## HUNGER of Body and Soul

*Bread alone cannot save the man lost in poverty and sin—he must be given spiritual food as well as bodily nourishment.*

**L**OCATED on the halfway spot of the Bowery, the Bowery Mission is all things to the man out of work and homeless. Coming from all parts of the country these men have met defeat and great distress where they expected to get the jobs they could not get in their own home town.

Drifting from place to place, somehow they find their way to the Bowery where they hope not to be so conspicuous in their shabbiness. Friendless and often frightened, they are easy prey to the vicious—a friendly and sympathetic interest on the part of Christ's servants can save these unfortunate ones from much future misery and make converts to His Faith.

The Pastor of your Mission has made himself their guardian and protector—Charles St. John suffers with them and rejoices with them; suffers with them on the bitter nights when there are more men than beds and he has to look a man in the eye and say: "I'm sorry, we have no place for you," suffers when he wonders whether the food will last to take care of the last man on the line. But no man is turned away until he has felt that St. John understands and wants to help him.

The Bowery Mission has a program to which our Pastor and his workers have dedicated themselves; reading this program will make you realize the vital importance of the work being done on one of the world's worst streets. There are old men on this street: homeless and friendless; there are young men on this street who have come to New York from every part of this country. They are lost unless Christians interest themselves in their welfare and help us take care of them.



*Every cent helps—give what you can.*

*The work of the Bowery Mission is*

- first:* to preach the Gospel
- second:* to break the habit of drink
- third:* to find employment for men without jobs
- fourth:* to help men re-establish a lost self-respect, awaken ambition and give them a correct outlook on life
- fifth:* to re-unite broken families
- sixth:* to get men off the Bowery before it ruins them
- seventh:* to teach men a thrift they have never known, a care of clothing and how to take care of money
- eighth:* to provide the necessities of life for those who are helpless.

Will you let us feed these homeless, unhappy men—feed them spiritually and physically?

BOWERY MISSION AND YOUNG MEN'S HOME  
BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

1938

Please feed men and give them beds. I am asking my friends to help in this work for men who come to you from all over the country. Enclosed find \$.....

Name.....

Address.....



(Continued from page 68)

DECEMBER 29, 1938

THOU ART MY REFUGE.  
READ PSALM 142.

DECEMBER 26, 1938

A DOOR WAS OPENED IN HEAVEN.  
READ REVELATION 4:1-11.

IN 1906 I first crossed the Pacific. A fellow-passenger on that voyage has been visiting us at camp, and he speaks of a wonderful sunset which remains a vivid memory with both of us. I recall that the bugle blew for dinner and was unheeded because the very gates of the Celestial City were being opened before our eyes.

A thousand times my spirit has been refreshed by memory of that transporting experience of splendor.

*That we, too, have had our moments on the Mount of Transfiguration moves our heart with gratitude to Thee, O Heavenly Father. Amen.*

DECEMBER 27, 1938

FOR THOU WILT ANSWER ME.  
READ PSALM 86.

GOD is the great Seeker. He is ever yearning toward man. Whenever a human soul turns toward God, he finds God eagerly advancing to meet him, like the Prodigal's father.

This is the wonder of the relationship between man and his Maker. The Infinite Creator bends low toward each of His children, eager to become the fulfillment of every desire; girding, guarding, guiding the individual.

Thus the Father nature of the Highest is revealed. He cares for every one of His children as if He had no other.

*Awed by a sense of Thy condescension, and of Thy personal care for us, we pray today that we may respond to every overture of Thine, in providence or in spiritual feeling. Amen.*

DECEMBER 28, 1938

THAT OUR SONS MAY BE AS PLANTS.  
READ PSALM 144.

THIRTY-TWO years ago we took with us, as we climbed Fujiyama, in Japan, a fourteen-year-old boy, son of missionary friends. He was the life of the expedition.

This week I have a letter from that boy, now become Secretary of Foreign Missions for the Southern Presbyterian Church.

I am set to musing over the boys I have known who have made good. What a host of them there are! So much of our day's thinking is in a minor key that we need to shake ourselves awake to a realization that God has kept His promises to myriads of parents who have reared their children in Godliness.

*For sons and daughters who do honor to their fathers and mothers, and to Thee, the Father of all, we give thanks today, O God. Amen.*

EVERY worth-while life has troubles a-plenty, to be taken in one's stride, by the exercise of one's own judgment. Sometimes major calamities come, such as that which now confronts a noble friend. He is threatened with loss of health and loss of position.

What to do? Of course, he has the help of physicians and counselors; but, primarily, he is driven back upon his simple faith in God. His own serenity of soul, transcending all conditions, must be achieved. I have no doubt of my friend's spiritual triumph, whatever eventuates. For his life is planted firmly in confidence in God.

Whenever real trouble comes, there is no other refuge than this one of deep faith in a loving God.

*Prepare us, by daily experience of Thee, O Lord, for the testing time when all other refuge fails. Amen.*

DECEMBER 30, 1938

PERISH WITH THE USING.  
READ COLOSSIANS 2:16-23.

OUR nine-foot fireplace is one of the especial joys of our Canadian camp. It would be an impossible luxury were it not for the exhaustless stores of fuel in our forest.

We have learned that there is a great difference in firewood. Poplar and pine and basswood burn up quickly; birch and beech and oak and maple last for a long while and give a hotter fire.

So it is with life's pleasures. Some are quickly consumed, and turn to ashes. They do not last long. But others—like books and good conversation and love and religion and out-of-door activities—shed their glow for a long time.

*We would warm our hearts at enduring fires, O Lord; seeking ever the best, and discarding the worthless. Amen.*

DECEMBER 31, 1938

THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR.  
READ PSALM 65.

WHAT a hinge of history the year 1938 has been! It has been a pivot for nations and systems and for individuals. Bloodstained it has been, yet also full of joy and promise. Grief has black-bordered some of its pages; but others are edged with gold.

Some of us have attained a new sense of God's reality and nearness, and have found His promised peace amidst storm. For such it has been a veritable "year of our Lord."

And that is all that we ask of 1939—that in it our eyes may be open to see God.

*Thou crownest the years with Thy goodness, O Eternal Father. So we give Thee thanks for all Thy sendings, and pray for grace to continue to walk with Thee. Amen.*



## Through Lands of The Bible

By H. V. Morton

Author of  
*In the Steps of the Master,*  
*In the Steps of St. Paul, etc.*

In this long awaited book, the "greatest living travel writer" takes you with him on a memorable journey through the lands of the Bible. With him you will watch the sunset on the broad Euphrates, smell the fragrance of spring in the Sinai mountains, hear the joyous din of the Egyptian market place, re-live in vivid retrospect the unforgettable events of the Bible in their modern settings, all the way from Babylon through the Holy Land and Egypt to Rome on Easter Sunday.

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(Continued from page 39)

stands as a haven of refuge for the human derelicts who have one single spark of manhood left, which perhaps can be fanned into a living flame. And so eager are these helpers to bring this about, that they are ready for call day or night. The indomitable St. John even has his living quarters above the Mission, that he might instantly be available to render aid to some starving soul.

And the calls are many. Even in the wee small hours of the night he is frequently aroused to pray and plead with some wayward son who has called for help. The staff of workers in this place are indeed missionaries extraordinary; they are salvagers of souls in a stumbling, cursing, drunken, spewing mass of beings who were once men, but in the misfortunes of life, have been swept into the sewerage outlet of a recognized liquor traffic.

With the panoramic events of this momentous Sabbath day well in mind, it seemed necessary to reflect deeply on their portent, and as I sat on a bench in Central Park, beside a small lagoon, the wide divergence of the things we had seen and witnessed this day was almost unbelievable. But I knew now the purpose of the Mission—to give to every discouraged soul the same undying faith of the ranchman, and to every one who came seeking, the opportunity to kneel with contrite heart and say, as did Thomas, *my Lord and my God.*

(Continued from page 22)

girdle the globe with hope. Here is a book that both the Chinese and Japanese read constantly. Over against all the divisive tensions of Europe stands the fact that every nation of Europe reads and honors the Bible in its own tongue.

In scores of mission fields revisions of the Scriptures are now in process. In many others the first translations are being made. By January 1, 1939, the count will probably reach 1020 languages. But the work will never be done. Many languages, like the Sakata, have only one gospel and should have more. Some kindred tongues should be merging into a common written form—a never-ending task of translation, revision and the merging of tongues.

And who will do it all? Only missionaries can be counted on to dedicate their lives to this toil and drudgery, for such it is. But even then only the Bible Societies can make the books available.

Here is a tremendous challenge. God's word already, to some degree, is available in languages enough so that nine-tenths of the peoples of the world might read them. But four-fifths of the people of the world as yet knowing nothing of them.

Let us have more men like Walle Sundberg and O. Anderson. Let us strengthen the hands of our American Bible Society so that millions more people may read a book which brings to them the same satisfaction that the Sakatas feel when they read in "Mose Molo Mo Yoane" these words:

Lebombi Nzambi ahuni bari ti otime nde Mua nende nendamo, lebo leyiqua muri nama namokika la, te ayike ya moi mo itite. (John 3:16).

# Give===

## A Christian Home Calendar

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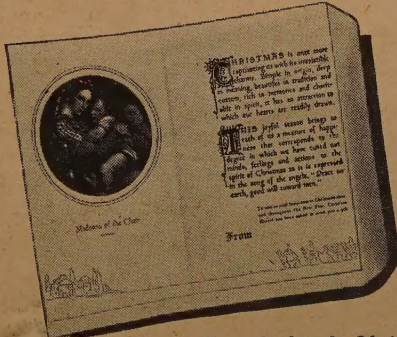
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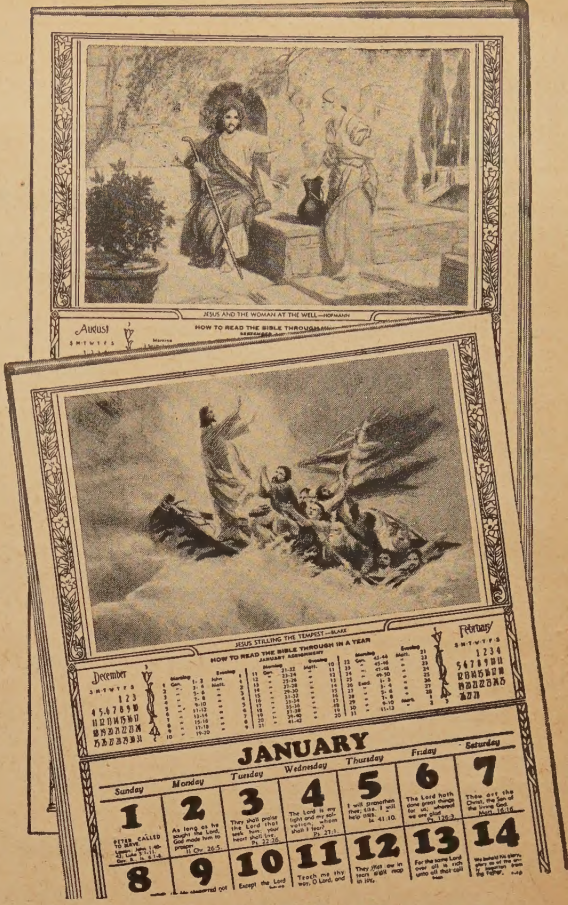
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You can give your friends a calendar that will serve them every day in the year—serve them in their church-work, their housework, socially, and in many other ways. Here is a list of services rendered by CHRISTIAN HOME CALENDAR:

*"How to Read the Bible Through in a Year"—a systematic study of the Bible. Daily Scripture Verse for every day of the year. International S.S. Lesson, Golden Text for each Sunday. The Bible Story of the picture illustrating each calendar page. Each page carries a three months calendar pad: the month preceding and following. Moon phases—Religious Holidays—AND a backcover full of valuable information; such as, Curious Bible Questions and Answers, Cities in the Life of Christ and a map of Palestine—and Household Information.*



Add 5c each and we will mail a lovely Christmas Card with each calendar carrying your Christmas Greetings over your own names.



Save the 13 Beautiful Biblical Pictures! Paste them on cardboard and make them serve long after the calendar year.

A beautiful painting in full color entitled "Christ and the Children" on the front cover; twelve full-color paintings illustrating Bible events add to the attractiveness of each calendar month. THIS IS THE ONLY SACRED CALENDAR THAT IS PRINTED IN SEVERAL FOREIGN LANGUAGES: Swedish, German, Italian, Norwegian and Spanish. Splendid for friends in foreign lands.

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100		15.00	17.00
200		29.00	32.00
250		35.00	40.00
300		42.00	46.50

Christian Herald Association Dec. '38

419 Fourth Avenue, New York

Kindly send at once to 

list of names attached or address below

.....calendars for which I enclose

\$..... If you wish Xmas folders sent, add 5c each and please check here.....

Name.....

Address.....



(Continued from page 33)

that has to do with prep school or college—emphasizing sports—and a usable fountain pen.

For a grown girl: Lingerie, novelty jewelry, perfume, perhaps a diary with a key . . . and if you're sure of the size, gloves and stockings. Once again, if you knit, smart young ladies are wearing fluffy angora mittens right now.

For a young man: I'm not going to suggest neckties! How about a silk scarf with a hand-embroidered initial, or wool socks, or a tooled leather picture frame to hold her likeness, or one of those new and surprisingly inexpensive tie clips . . . Or a set of smart leather cuff buttons.

For newly married of either sex: Something for the home.

For a mother or an aunt: At Christmas it's rather nice to give her something extremely personal. Mother hasn't been a bride for ages—she grows tired of a present "for the house." For her you can very nearly duplicate those presents you give to the much younger woman. Perfume . . . or a pair of sparkling clips . . . or a purse with her monogram done in marquise . . . or silk stockings.

For father or an uncle or any man who approaches middle-age: Pigskin gloves are nice, and pigskin garters are nicer. (Furthermore, they wear forever) . . . A shirt

## If I Were . . .

### A DOLLAR BILL

I'd pray that my boss would take me to church some Sunday and leave me there on that little plate with the velvet cushion which the usher passes around—you know. I think I'd feel so kind of important and "snooty" among those nickels and pennies and buttons and things. I've seen enough filling stations on Sunday to last me for a lifetime anyway; I'd like to look up at a preacher for a change.

—McAlpine

with a matching necktie will dress up a lagging wardrobe . . . To go back to knitting—and everybody's doing it this year—try a muffler that's made of silk and wool! It will answer every purpose.

For a neighbor: A homemade pound or fruit cake . . . A box of candy and stuffed dates—also homemade . . . How about six glasses of homemade jelly in a basket or a gift box?

For a grandmother or any elderly woman: Nothing, please, that throws age in the face. Lace neckwear . . . violet toilet water . . . a little velvet muff—(you can make this yourself if you're handy, and if you buy it, some velvet muffs come attached to pocketbooks) . . . Handkerchiefs that are not too wispy . . . and rabbit's wool stockings for an outdoor excursion on a very cold day.

For grandfather and his friends: A good, exciting book—does he like detective stories? . . . Grosgrain suspenders with an embroidered monogram—something that his grandson cannot borrow . . . A flashlight that clips into the pocket as if it were an automatic pencil . . . A leather case for that extra pair of specs—also monogrammed.

For everybody: A Bible is always the loveliest gift.

# After All!

## NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### Chemical Analysis

Flattery is 90 percent soap, and soap is 90 percent lye.

—Yellow Jacket

### Forget It

Student (leaving college): "Goodby, sir, I am indebted to you for all I know."  
Prof.: Don't mention such a trifle.

—Exchange

### So What

"What was your sister so angry about?"  
"Why, she sent me to the druggist's to get some cold cream and I got ice cream. It was the coldest they had."

—Exchange

### Their Just Deserts

One of the objects of the Poet Laureate League, which has been formed in America, is to secure justice for poets. We can only hope that it will be tempered with mercy.

—Lookout

### Who Can Explain This?

Men are peculiar, just as women have long suspected. For instance, a fellow who hadn't kissed his wife in five years, shot a fellow who did.

—Kablegrams

### In Short—

Professor: "If this wonderful art gallery got on fire and you had only time to save five pictures which five would you save?"

Art Student: "The five nearest the door!"

—Pathfinder

### Time Out

A long-winded lawyer defended a client unsuccessfully, and during the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in his sentence."

—Exchange

### Subsistence Basis

"What's Dick doing now?"  
"Well, Dick is a cattle salesman."  
"And William?"  
"He's a minister."  
"And Tom?"  
"Well, Tom is engaged in politics."  
"And you?"  
"I'm farming—and feeding Dick, Tom and William."

—Christian Science Monitor

### Similar

The clergyman was walking through the village when he met one of his parishioners.

"How's your cold, Donald?" he asked.  
"Verra obstinate," replied the parishioner.

"And how's your wife?"  
"About the same."

—Exchange

### Eureka!

Diogenes met a Civil War veteran.  
"What were you in the war?" he asked.  
"A private," the old soldier answered.  
And Diogenes blew out his lamp and went home.

—Awgwan

### Then Outfielder

"So you have been singing in the choir?"  
"Yes."  
"What part?"  
"Well, I went in as first bass, but they changed it to short stop when they heard my voice."

—Kablegrams

### Famous Last Words

You incur no obligation when you mail the coupon.

Barbers everywhere recommend it.

Pull over to the curb.

Please pay the cashier.

Would you care to leave a message?

Thirty days free trial.

Must you go?

Guess who this is.

How many minutes till the bell?

—Urchin

### Let a Little Sunshine In

Man with big nose: "Wonder why my mustache won't grow?"

Man with mean disposition: "Too much shade, probably."

### Be More Specific

The teacher had recited "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Then she requested each pupil to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

—Advance